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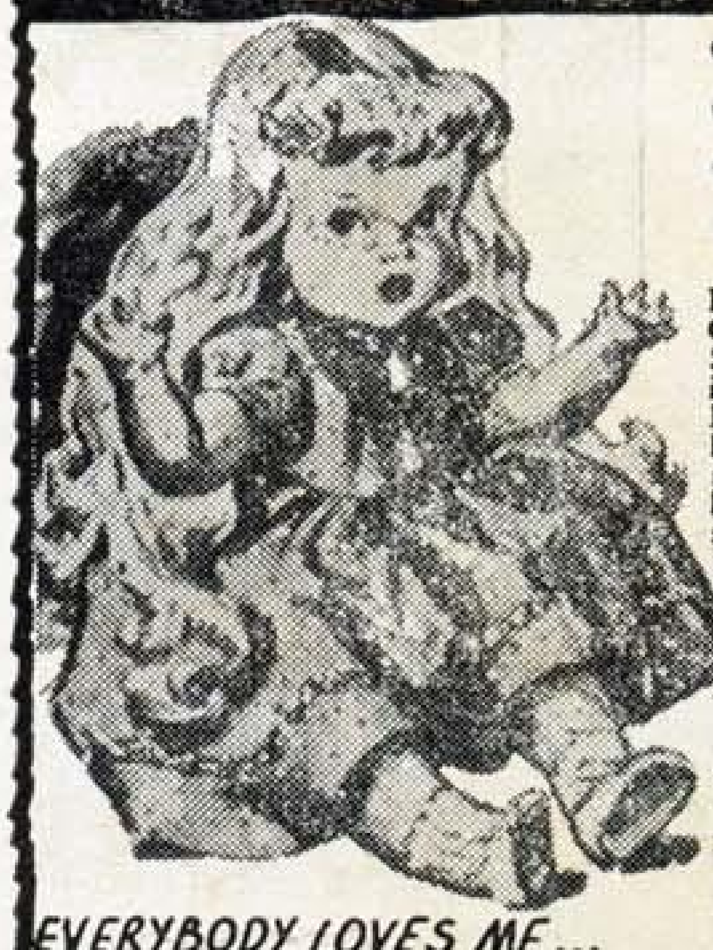
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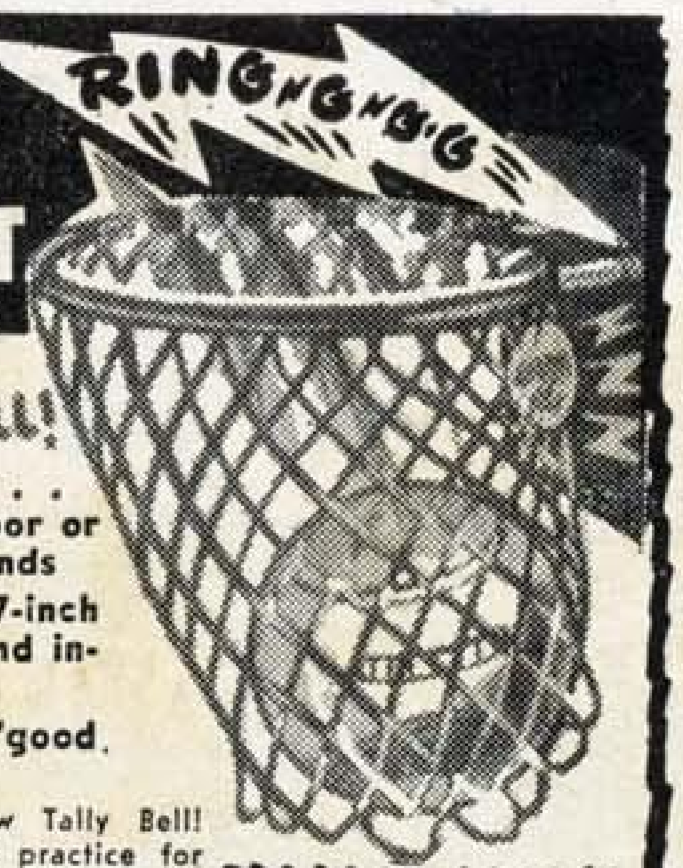

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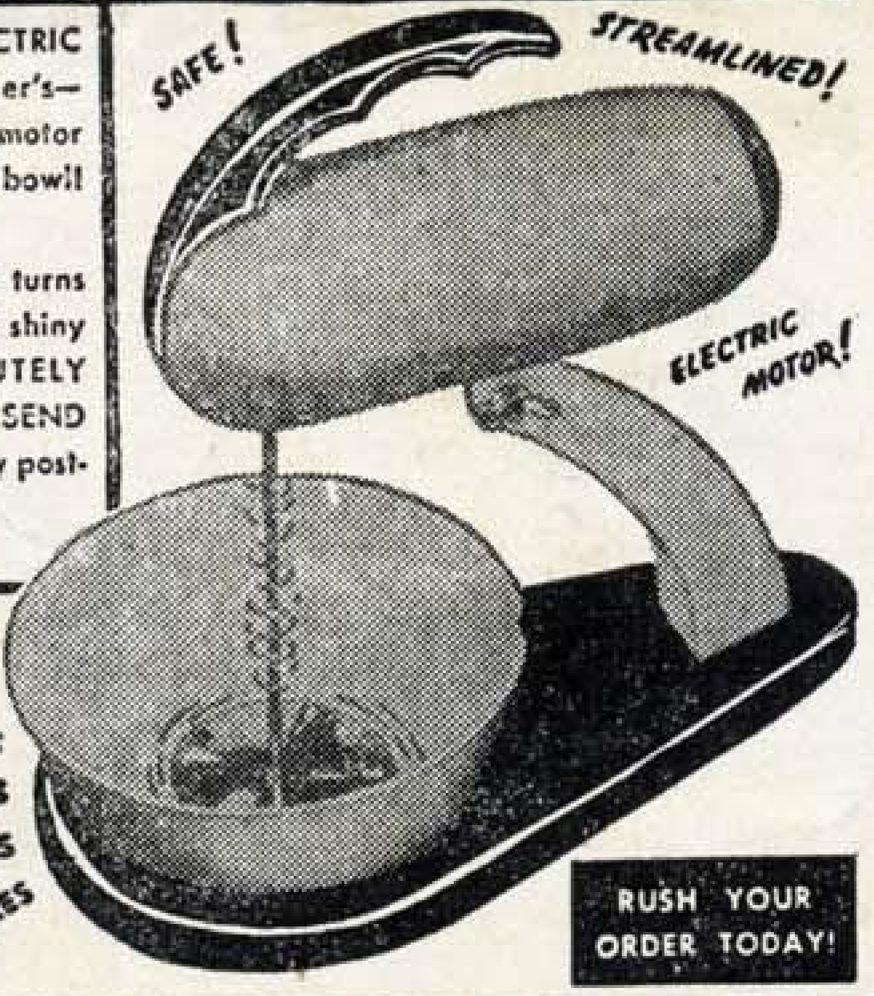
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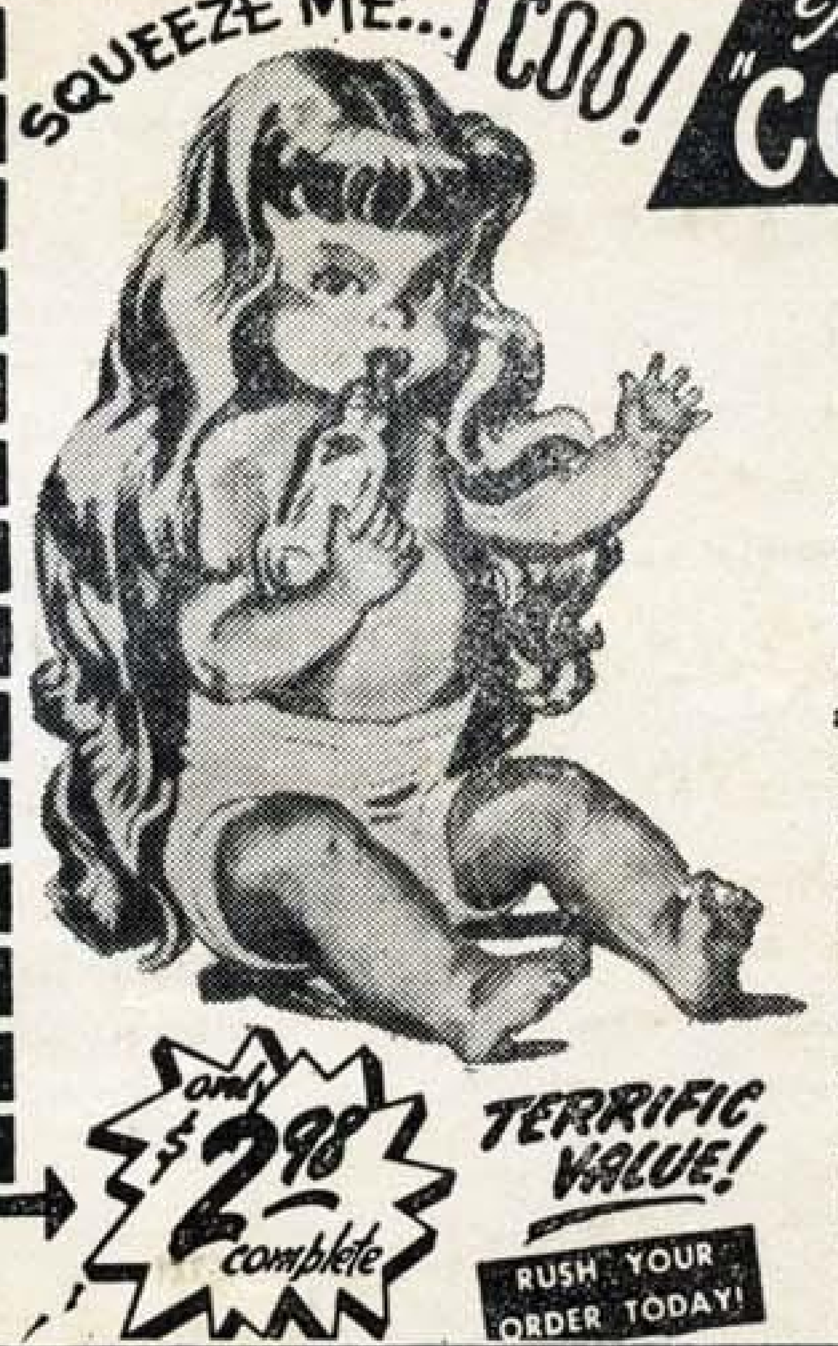

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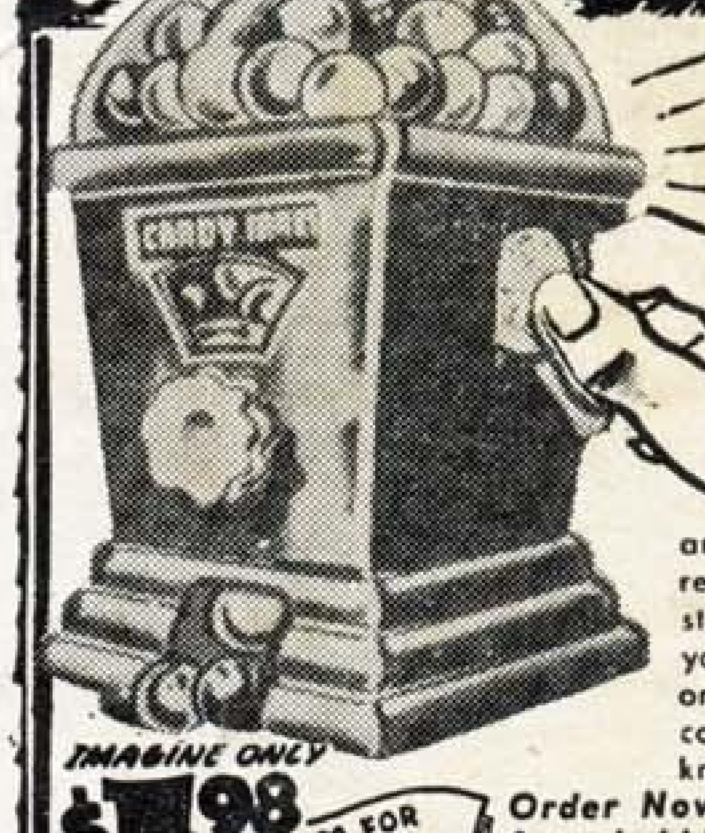

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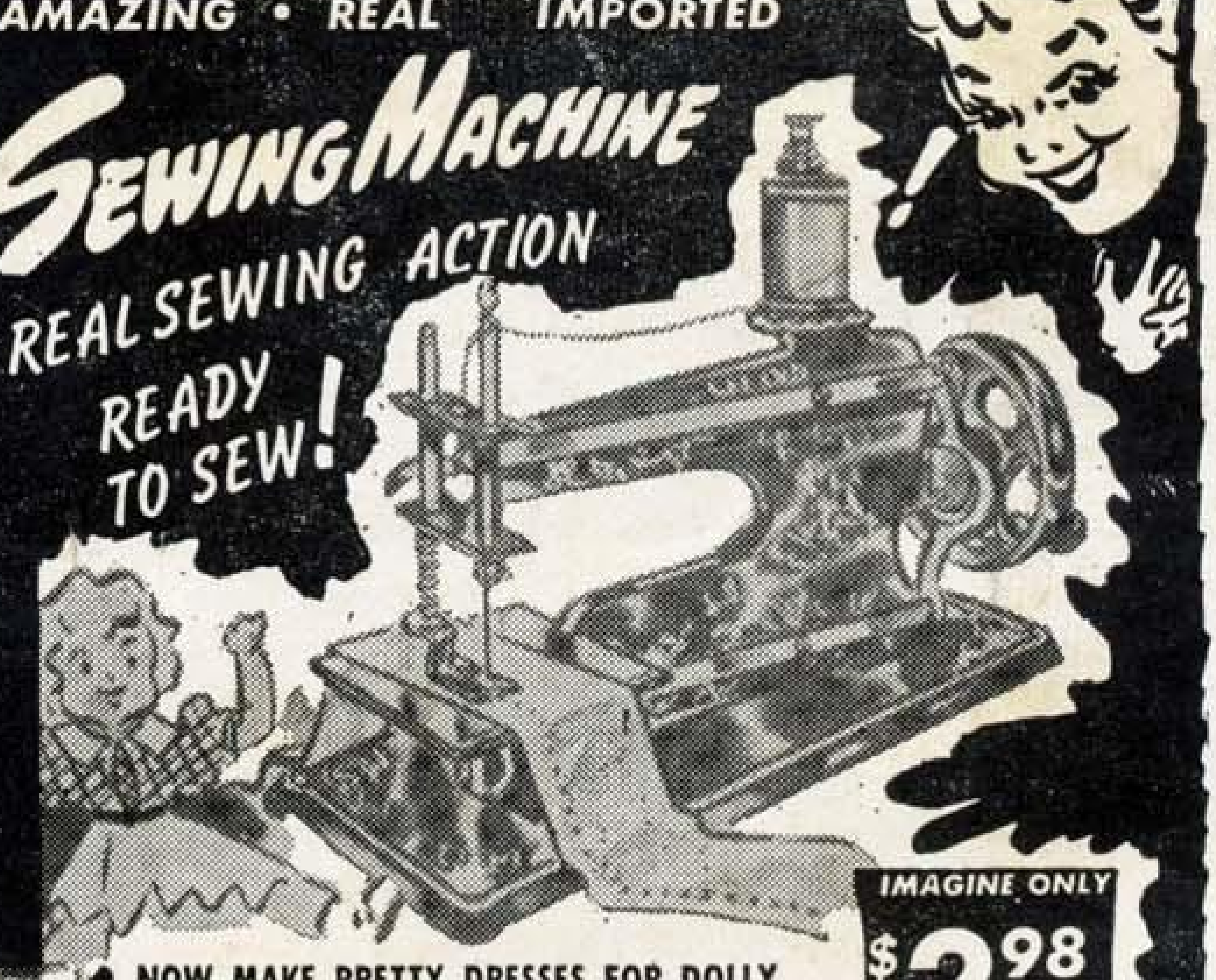

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THE ROMANTIC HERMIT

THE ROMANTIC HERMIT

By TRIPP HAMMOND

When it comes to love, sometimes even hermits can have the right idea . . .

“SOMETHING'S worrying you,” I said to Terry Lynn. We were sitting under an oak surrounded by acres of blossoming plum trees. I'm Jennifer Blake of *the* Blakes who own the special plum orchards which make the town of Stanwich famous. Because my father and especially my great aunt, Hester, would disapprove of Terry, we had this secret meeting place.

Terry frowned. Bronze skin, blue eyes and black hair, uncut for months, embellish something excitingly untamed in him. “Old man Zebron's dead,” he said softly.

I shook my head. I was saddened but annoyed, too. With everyone else thinking of the Plum Blossom Festival, it was typical of Terry to concern himself with the death of a crazy hermit. No one knew who old Zebron was. He'd lived in the forests which cover Mt. Zebron, in back of town. It was said that he was a hundred and fifty years old and had a fortune in his secret hideout. He'd never left the forest and few people had seen him—but Terry, of course, had been his friend.

When Terry wasn't in school or on his father's farm, he wandered about in the woods. Flora and fauna were to him what parties and jive music were to the rest of us. He was everything that spelled romance to me, and his sentiments in my direction were similar. But if he would just become a *little* interested in a normal life, I'd be happy.

He pulled me away. “Now where?” I asked.

“Old Zebron's hideout,” Terry said. “Since I'm the closest thing to a friend he had, I ought to look the place over.”

I stopped suddenly. “You *know* where he lived?” I gasped.

“I've never been there, but I reckon I can find it.”

The nucleus of a wild idea buzzed into my head. Suppose the hermit *did* have a fortune, and Terry found it? The town was trying to raise money for a statue of my grandfather, the late Milton Blake. Seventy-five years ago, when Stanwich had been threatened by Indian attack, Milton had gone alone to the Indians. Not only had he persuaded them to leave the settlement in peace, but he also received from them their secret process for growing the Stanwich plum, the source of our town's prosperity. If Terry contributed toward the statue, even my great-aunt Hester would welcome him to the country club costume ball, part of the fund-raising program. Terry would be made, socially, and he might find that parties were fun. “I'm going with you,” I stated firmly.

Terry smiled and ruffled my hair. “My beautiful shadow,” he said.

Two hours later we were climbing up a bramble-covered cliff. We followed a brook into a small canyon. “There it is!” Terry said, pointing. The entrance was closed by a log wall. In the silence, the door shrieked a protest as Terry pushed it open.

Terry had to take me by the arm and pull me inside the large room. Skins carpeted the stone floor. There was a fireplace and a wood-burning stove. Cupboards and bookshelves lined the walls. The furniture was handmade—crude but comfortable.

“Perfect!” Terry murmured, his eyes shining.

“It's childish and ridiculous,” I contradicted him.

I opened a small chest which had caught my eye. Inside were some clothes and on top was a sheet of paper. “To whom it may concern,” I read. “I, known as the Hermit Zebron, do herewith bequeath all my worldly goods to Master Terry Lynn, as the one person I know who will appreciate them and use them to good advantage.” It was dated the previous year.

“You're an heir, Terry,” I said, handing him the will. As he read, I took a suit of clothes from the chest. It was of fine material and well-preserved. I guessed it to be about eighty years old. “This would make a wonderful costume for the ball. Why don't you wear it?”

He frowned. “Everyone would laugh at me,” he said without bitterness. And it was this unconcern that made it bad. If only the situation would bother him, he might do something about it.

“No one would laugh if you acted like a normal human being,” I argued. “You could make a good start by impressing my family, and you could do that by giving some of Zebron's money to the statue fund.”

“Why would he need money?” Terry asked scornfully. “He had everything right here. He was about a hundred, but he was strong as a bear and wise as a fox.”

I stamped my foot. “The old coot was anti-social and psycho to boot!”

“Zebron knew that civilization was worthless,” Terry insisted, “and he proved one could live better without it.”

“He *did*, did he?” I led Terry to a barrel near the stove. It contained empty tin cans. “Civilization kept him pretty well-fed,” I said.

Confusion and doubt showed on Terry's face. “Curious,” he muttered. “The guy never left the forest. How did he get those things?”

We then began a systematic search. I was looking for a place where Zebron might have hidden money. Terry, I think, was looking for an explanation of those food tins. He found a spindle which held many slips of paper. The note on top read: “Dear Jonathan, please get me three boxes of cartridges and a pound of tea.” Underneath was a grocery bill from a Stanwich store made out to a Jonathan Greene.

“So Zebron had another friend. This Greene must have acted as his purchasing agent for years,” I said, riffling through the notes and bills.

“I'd like to speak to the guy,” Terry said excitedly. “Maybe *he* could tell me something more about Zebron.”

“Mr. Greene might tell us where Zebron kept his money,” I said. “Let's find him.”

Terry picked up the will and, after hesitation, the suit also. “I'll see if it fits, but I'm not promising I'll go to that silly ball.”

Our search for Jonathan Greene began at the Stanwich post office. My father's influence made the clerk cooperative. We learned that Mr. Greene had rented a post box there for the last twelve years. The application form gave the address of a commercial hotel in town. At the hotel, we learned that Mr. Greene had been a periodic visitor for years, always registering with his Stanwich post box number. The clerk could describe him sketchily. Mr. Greene was old, but his hair was still black. He always wore a neat blue suit.

Terry and I separated after making a date to meet the next morning. At home, I hurried to my great-aunt Hester, a stern, sharp-faced old lady in her late eighties. Usually I avoided her, but she would be a good person to ask about Jonathan Greene.

Daddy was with her, discussing the statue to Milton Blake. “They'll never raise enough money unless you make a contribution,” she was saying.

“It would be immodest of me to pay for the city's statue to my own father,” he replied.

“Fiddlesticks!” she said and turned to me. “Speak up, child. What it is?” she demanded.

“I want to know if you've ever heard of Jonathan Greene,” I stammered.

She looked at me without answering. She did that whenever she thought my questions were too foolish to merit a reply. After an awkward mo-

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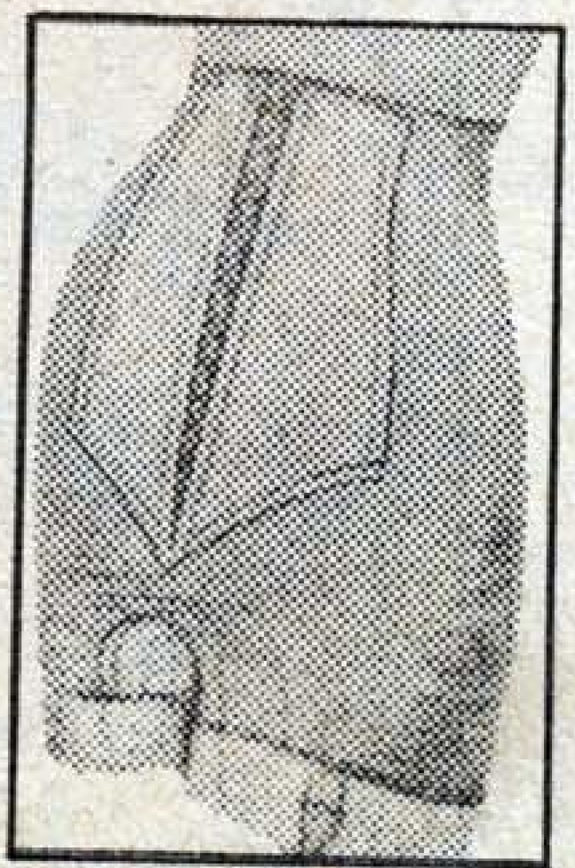

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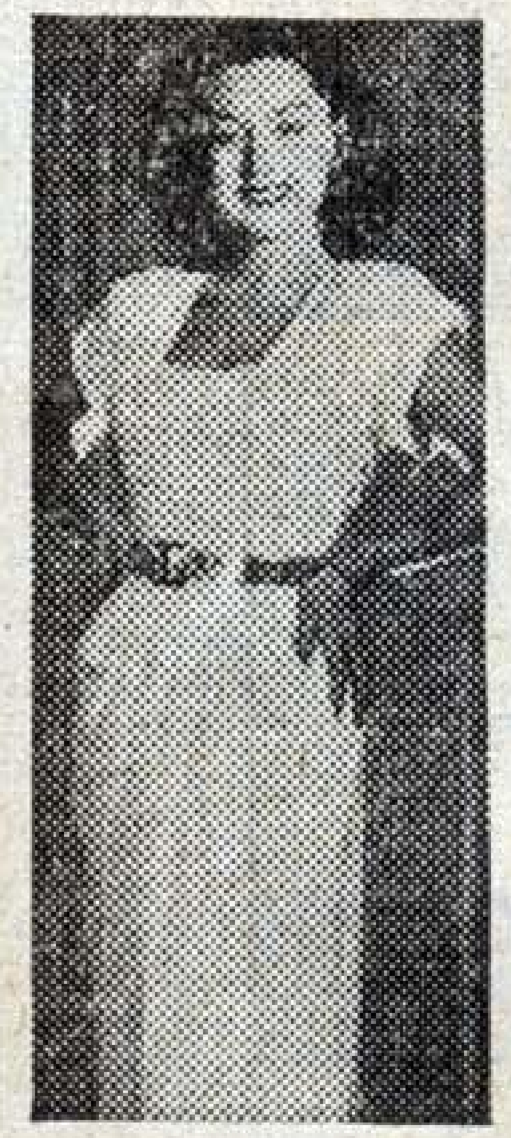

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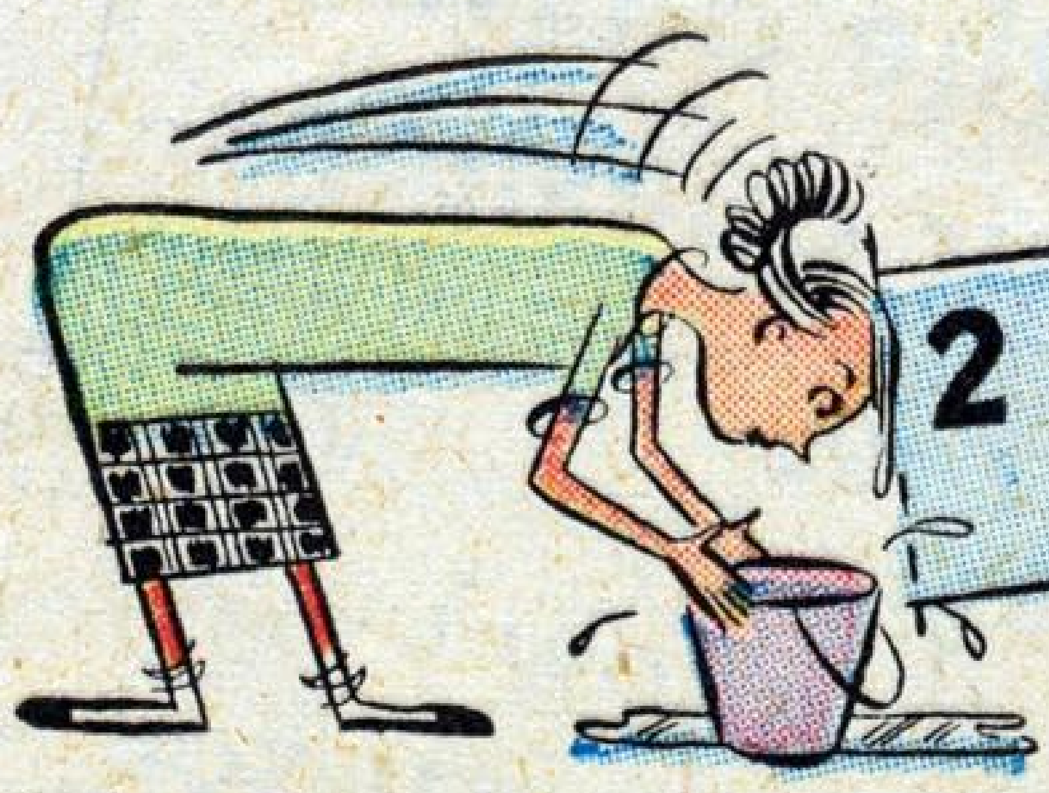
Charm Corner

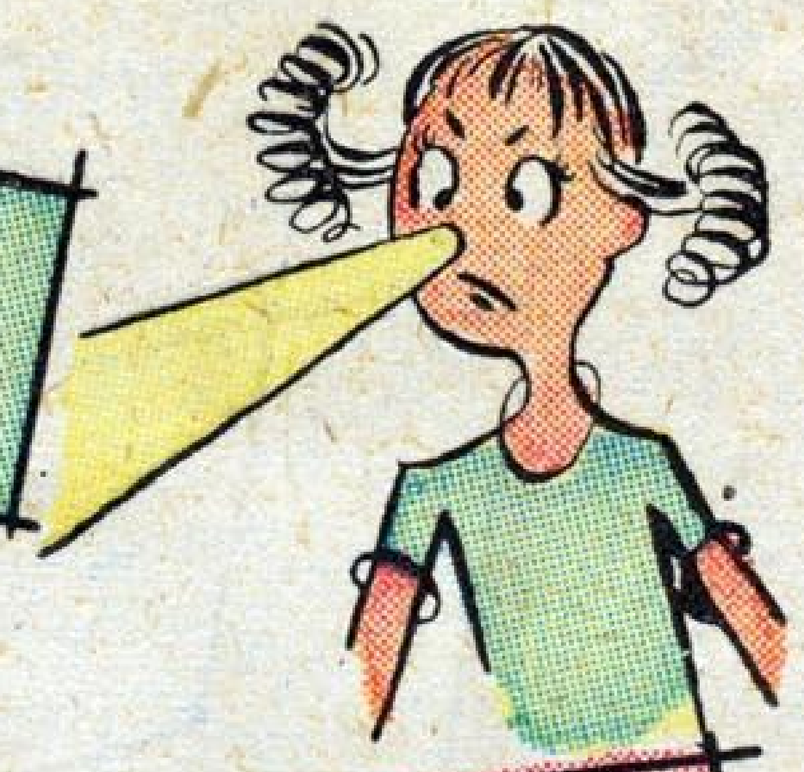
They say a mirror never lies—
Why not face yours with open eyes?
To better judge what you see there,
Use this little questionnaire!

1 Are your bangs evenly trimmed—or are they as shaggy as your pet poodle?



2 Do you wash your face every night—or do you shun your date with the soap and water?

3 Is your nose always powdered—or does it shine like a beacon?



4 Is your make-up smoothly blended—or does it stop at your chin, leaving your neck a pillar of white?

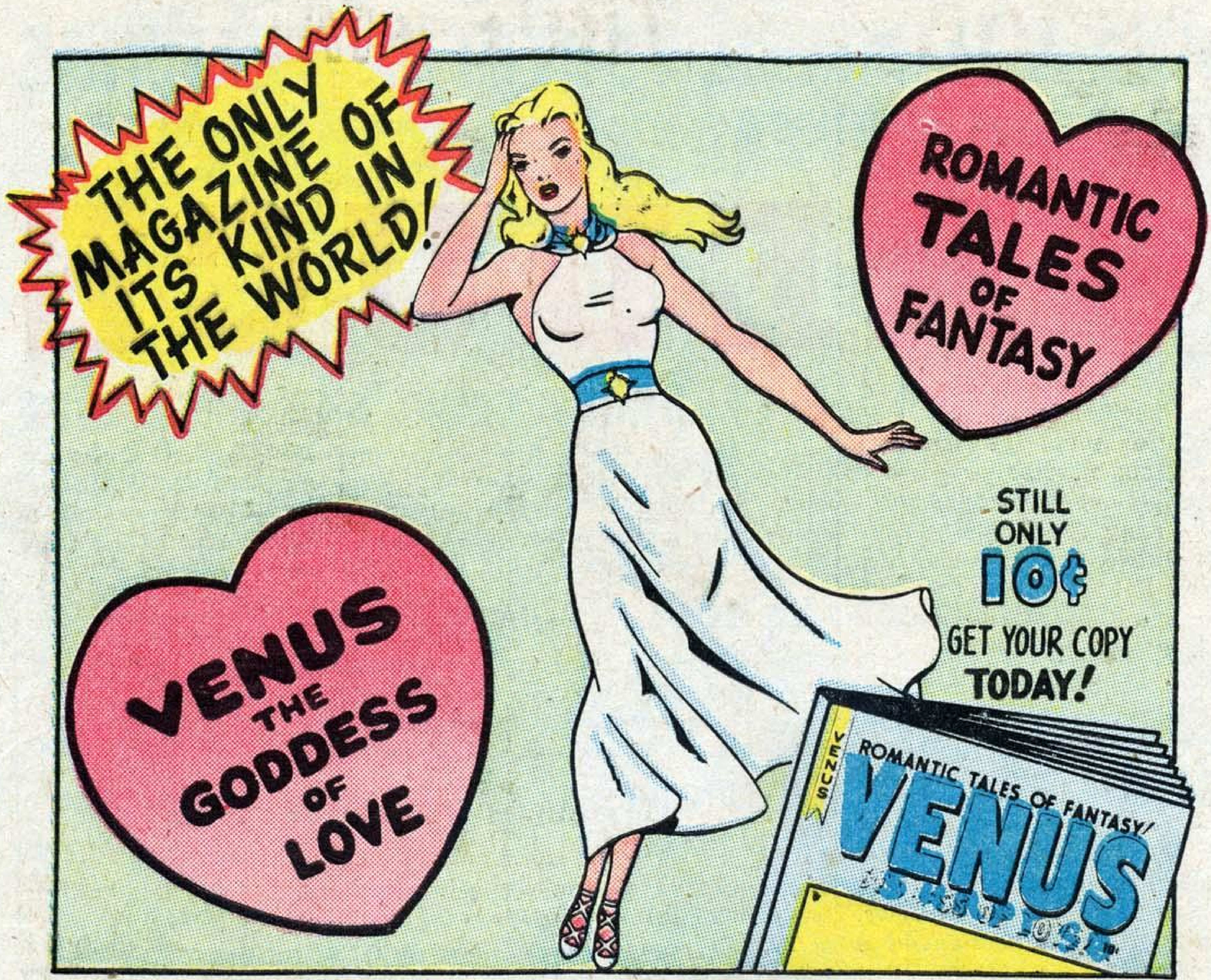
5 Are your fingernails filed and cut—or are they ragged and rough around the edges?

6 Are your hands "holdable"—or do they have that sandpaper feeling?

7 Does your lipstick follow the natural curve of your lips—or is it just smeared in that vicinity?

8 Is your hair clean and lustrous—or does it look like the business end of a mop?

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist.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Whiz

1 All of the first set of five words have the letters "oe" in them. Fill in the missing characters.

1. —oe	female deer
2. N——l	Christmas carol
3. ———oe	small boat
4. —oe———	verses
5. —oe	part of a foot

This set contains "ee".

6. —ee	golf term
7. —ee—	beverage
8. ——ee—	hard metal
9. —ee———	insect
10. —ee————	a gathering

2 How's your sense of geography these days? Try to name the countries in which these cities are located.

1. Perugia
2. Burgos
3. Aalborg
4. Bakersfield
5. Sao Paulo
6. Kiev
7. Canterbury
8. Weimar
9. Goteborg
10. Dijon

3 Try this brain teaser! Pair the abbreviations with their correct definitions.

1. cc.
2. A.B.
3. lbs.
4. bldg.
5. c/o
6. D.D.S.
7. oz.
8. gals.
9. mss.
10. r.s.v.p.

a. pounds
b. gallons
c. in care of
d. ounces
e. please reply
f. manuscripts
g. cubic centimeter
h. building
i. Bachelor of Arts
j. Doctor Dental Surgery

Answers

ANSWERS TO 1: 1—doe, 2—Noel, 3—canoe, 4—poetry, 5—toe, 6—tee, 7—beer, 8—steel, 9—beetle, 10—meeting.

ANSWERS TO 2: 1—Italy, 2—Spain, 3—Denmark, 4—United States, 5—Brazil, 6—Soviet Russia, 7—England, 8—Germany, 9—Sweden, 10—France.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—g, 2—i, 3—a, 4—h, 5—c, 6—j, 7—d, 8—b, 9—f, 10—e.

Quiz

4 When you see these uncompleted blanks, what garden flower pops into your mind?

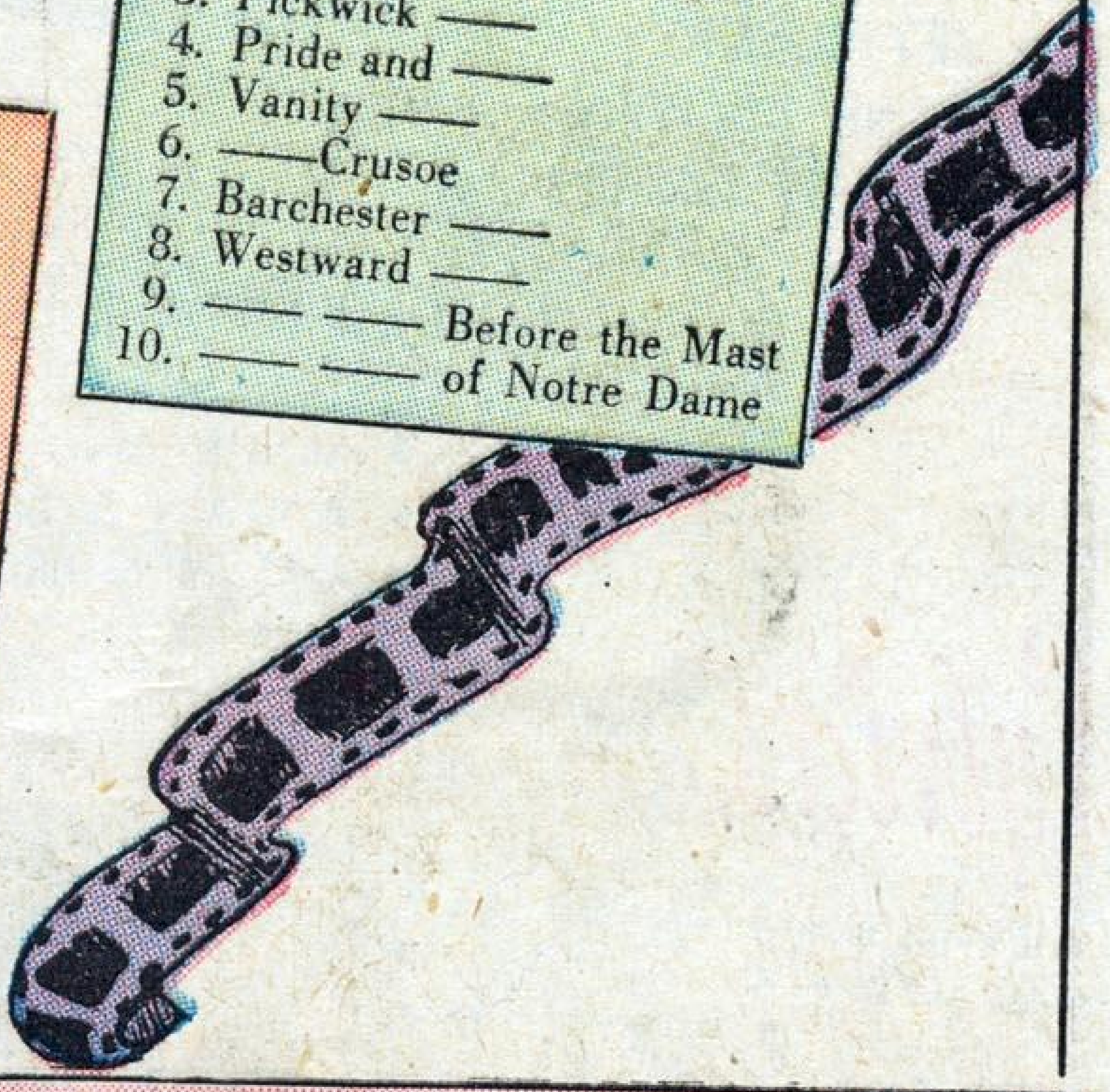
1. sn——dra———
2. —eo—y
3. —arn——io—
4. c—o——s
5. h———ys——kle
6. nas——rti——
7. ——lly———k
8. i——s
9. z—n———
10. h——c—nth

5 Here's a chance to give your literary I.Q. some practice! Fill in the blanks below.

1. —— Eyre
2. —— Wives' ——
3. Pickwick ——
4. Pride and ——
5. Vanity ——
6. ——Crusoe
7. Barchester ——
8. Westward ——
9. —— —— Before the Mast
10. —— —— of Notre Dame

6 Some of your favorite screen stars' last names have special meanings. Try to guess them from the key opposite the name.

1. Ava	(one who tends flowers)
2. Ann	(opposite of northern)
3. Audrey	(unsteady on the feet)
4. Doris	(opposite of night)
5. James	(a builder with stone)
6. Shirley	(house of worship)
7. Gregory	(a dry measure)
8. Cornel	(one who is untamed)
9. George	(collection of logs)
10. Evelyn	(these open doors)



ANSWERS TO 4: 1—snapdragon, 2—peony, 3—carnation, 4—crocus, 5—honeysuckle, 6—nasturtium, 7—hollyhock, 8—iris, 9—zinnia, 10—hyacinth.

ANSWERS TO 5: 1—Jane, 2—Old, Tale, 3—Papers, 4—Prejudice, 5—Fair, 6—Robinson, 7—Towers, 8—Ho!, 9—Two Years, 10—The Hunchback.

ANSWERS TO 6: 1—Gardner, 2—Sothern, 3—Trotter, 4—Day, 5—Mason, 6—Temple, 7—Peck, 8—Wilde, 9—Raft, 10—Keyes.

FOOD FOR FUN

CUCUMBER DELIGHT . . .

A refreshing way to start off a luncheon or dinner is an iced cucumber soup. It's light and spicy, but must be served with that right-out-of-the-ice box chill to be really good!

Peel two cucumbers and slice them. Put them in a pan with one bunch of chopped scallions and a cup of water. Season with salt and pepper and cook slowly until mushy. Carefully stir in about three tablespoons of flour and add another two cups of water when the flour has been absorbed. Keep stirring until the soup comes to a boil. Add a dash of cayenne.

Rub through a fine strainer, return to the pan and add a tablespoon of chopped fresh mint. Set the pan in a bowl of ice and continue to stir the soup until it is very cold and smooth. Add ½ of a cup of heavy cream and pour into chilled cups. Top each portion with a little finely chopped uncooked cucumber or a thin slice of unpeeled cucumber.

SPLENDID SUCCOTASH . . .

Roll up the sleeves of your cardigan and try this easy-to-make recipe for a succotash that's news!

Melt a little butter in a pan. Add a couple of cups of cooked lima beans, two cups of cooked corn, either fresh or canned, and half a cup of water. Season with salt, a teaspoon of sugar, and a dash of pepper. As the mixture cooks over low heat and the water is absorbed, add ¼ of a cup of rich milk. The succotash should be heated thoroughly, but it must not boil after the milk has been added.

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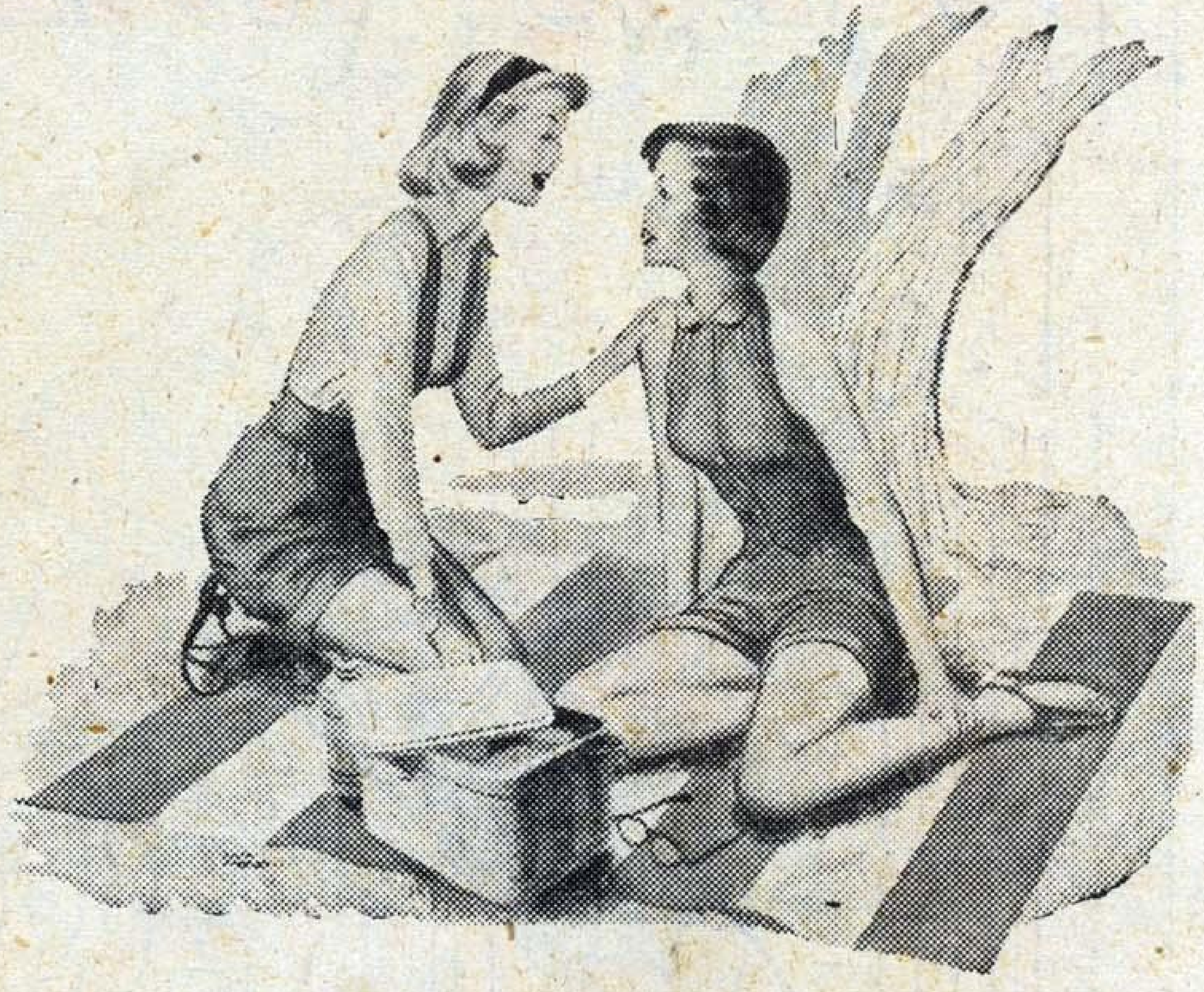
TRUE OR FALSE?



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FALSE: The wisecrack expert and the "candid kid" may get laughs—but it's tact that wins friends.

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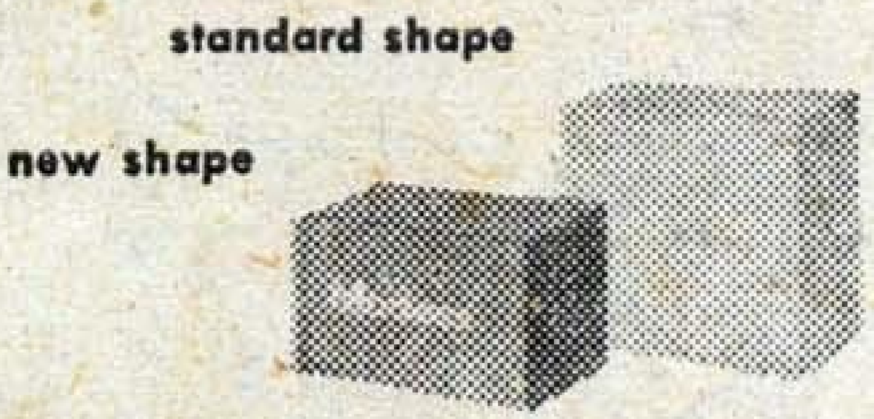

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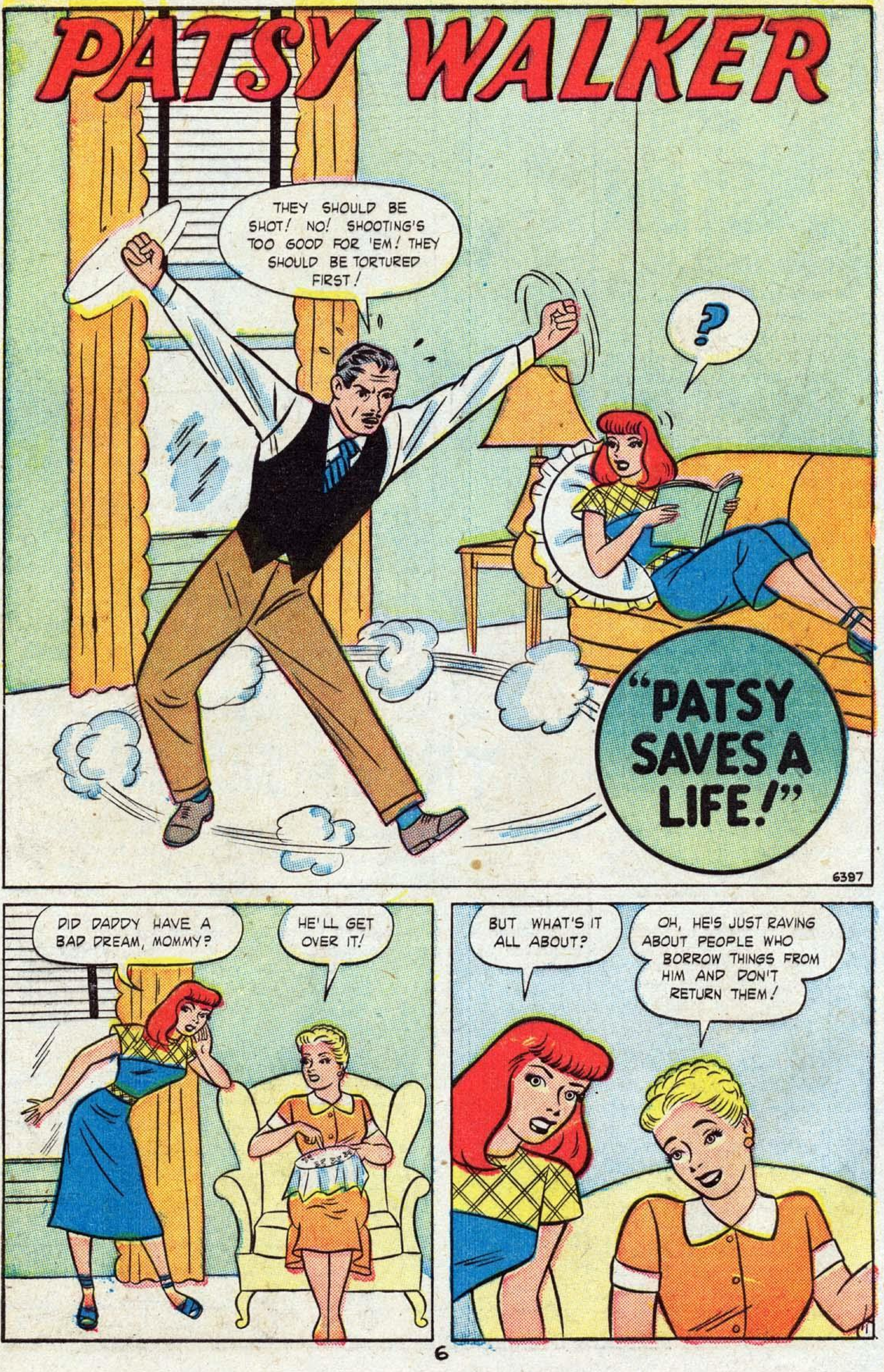
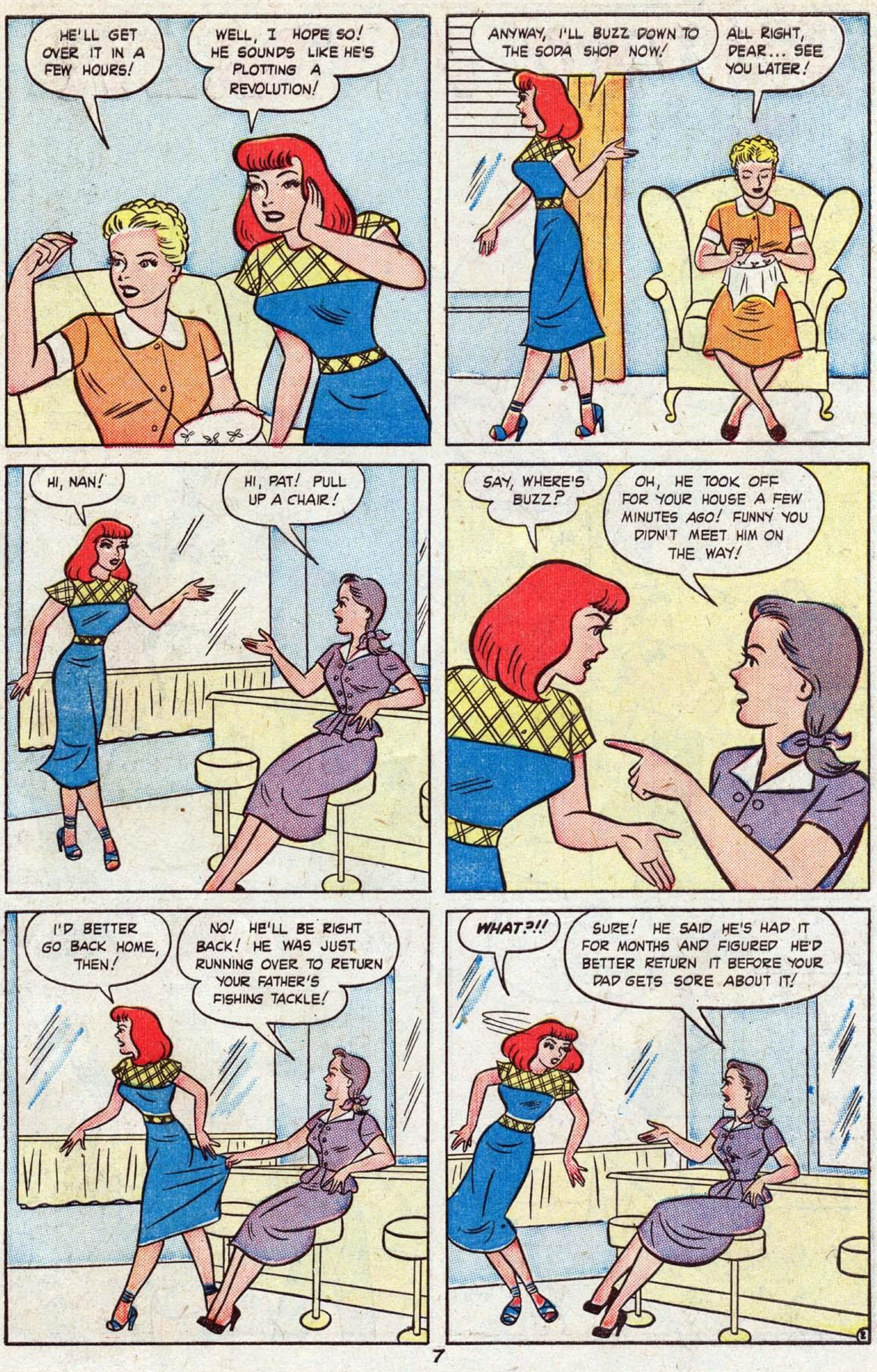
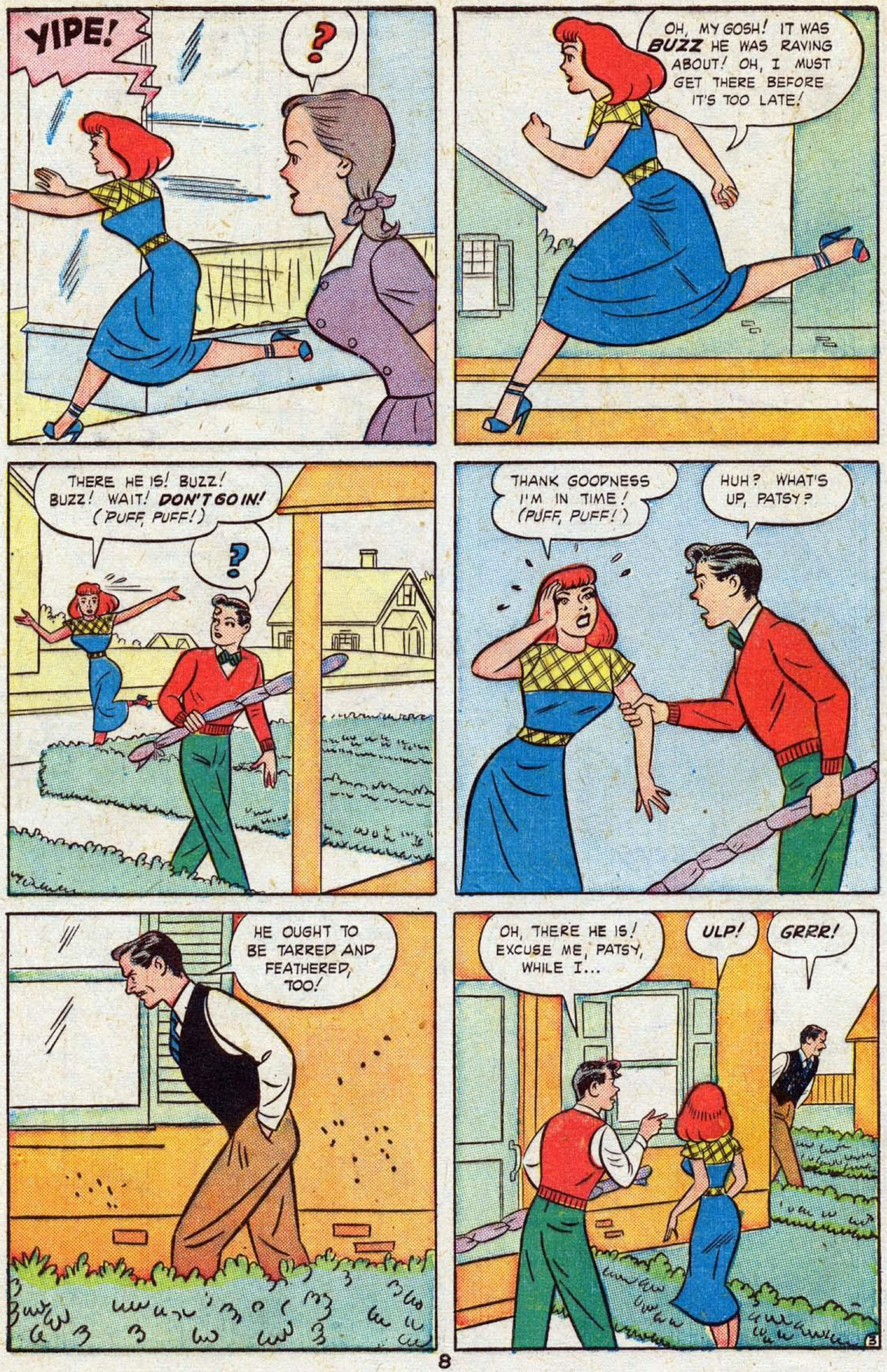
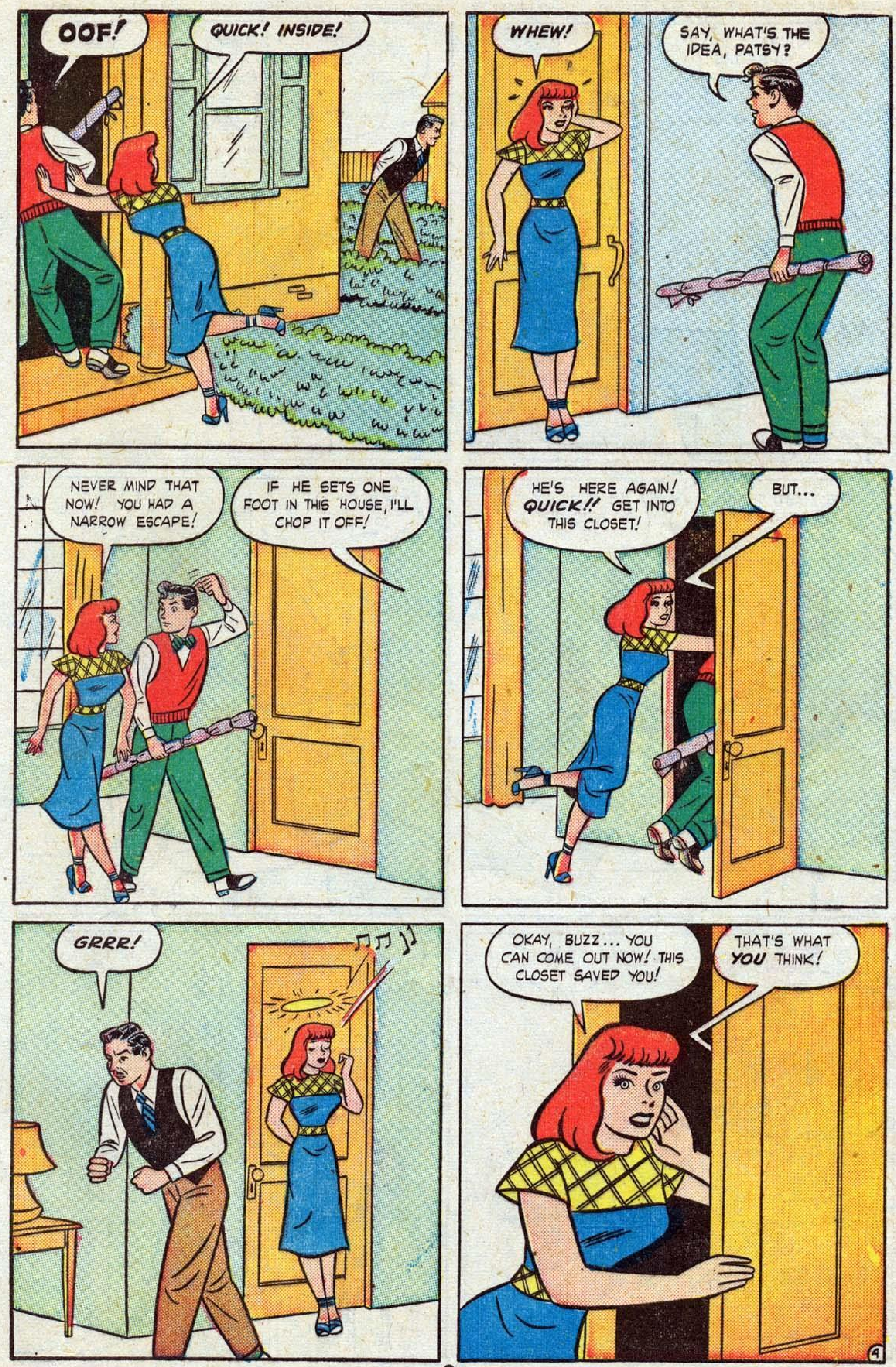
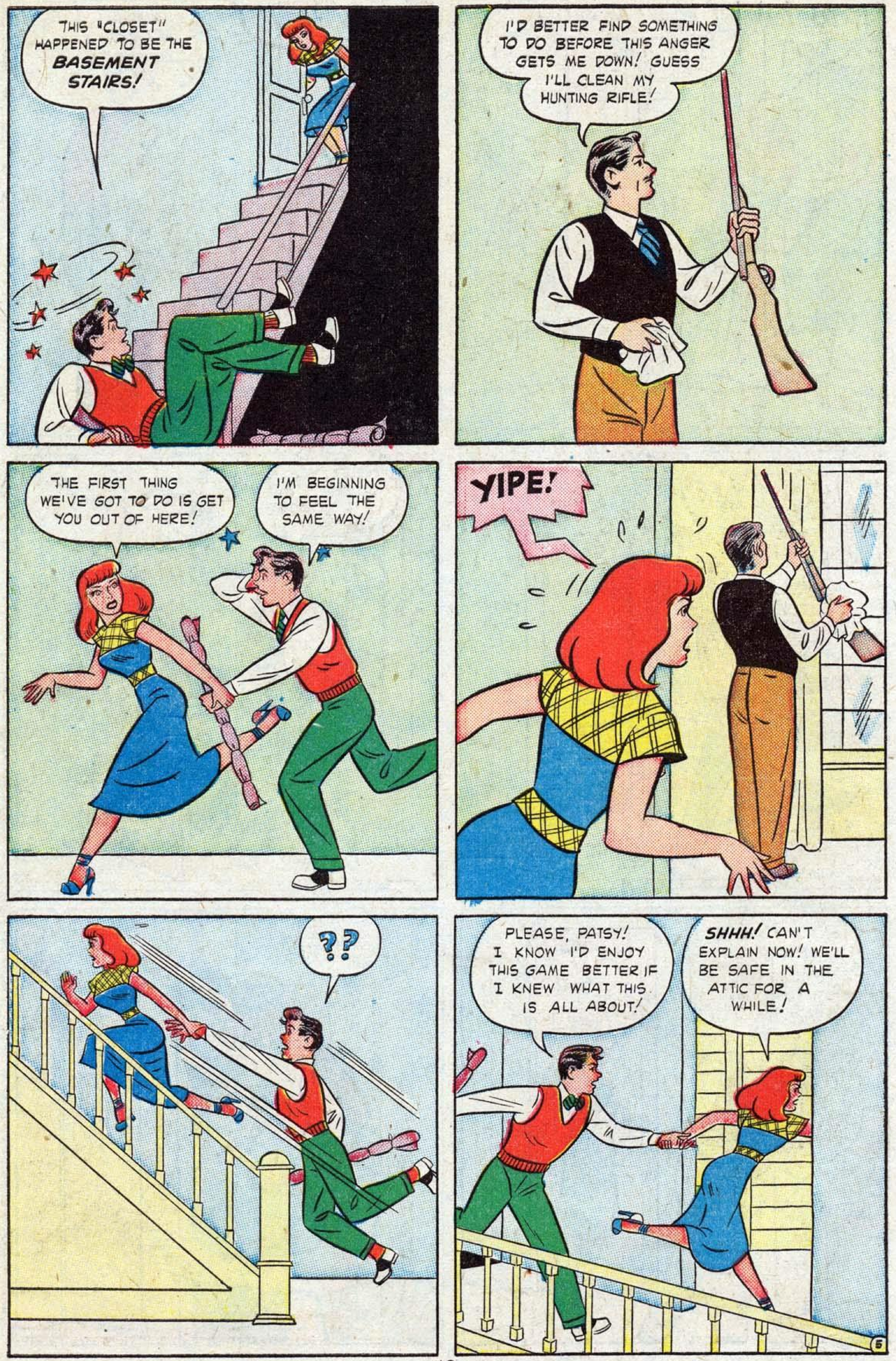
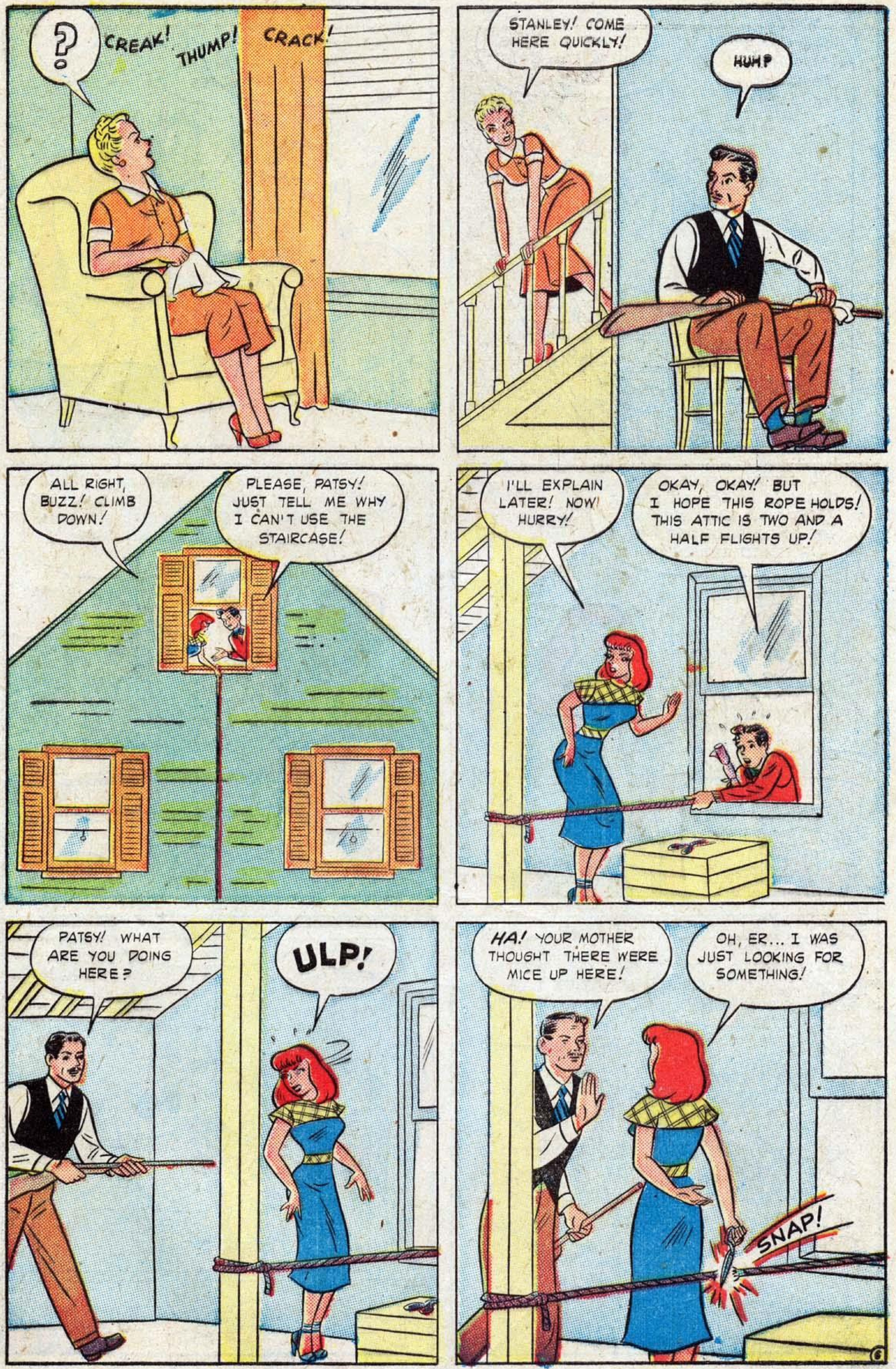

PATSY WALKER
THEY SHOULD BE SHOT! NO! SHOOTING'S TOO GOOD FOR 'EM! THEY SHOULD BE TORTURED FIRST!
?
"PATSY SAVES A LIFE!"
6387
DID DADDY HAVE A BAD DREAM, MOMMY?
HE'LL GET OVER IT!
BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
OH, HE'S JUST RAVING ABOUT PEOPLE WHO BORROW THINGS FROM HIM AND DON'T RETURN THEM!

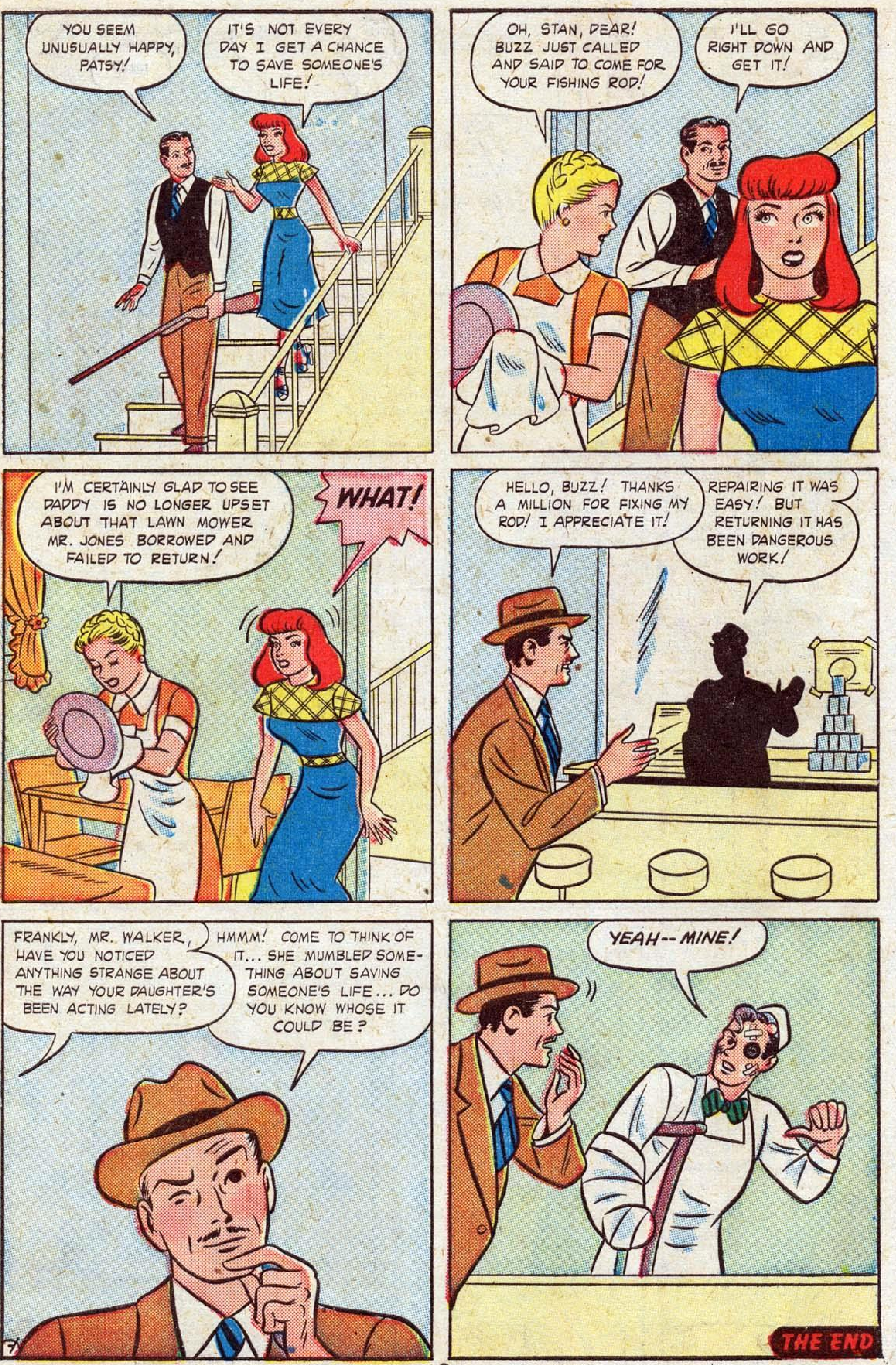

HE'LL GET OVER IT IN A FEW HOURS!
WELL, I HOPE SO! HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S PLOTTING A REVOLUTION!
ANYWAY, I'LL BUZZ DOWN TO THE SODA SHOP NOW!
ALL RIGHT, DEAR... SEE YOU LATER!
HI, NAN!
HI, PAT! PULL UP A CHAIR!
SAY, WHERE'S BUZZ?
OH, HE TOOK OFF FOR YOUR HOUSE A FEW MINUTES AGO! FUNNY YOU DIDN'T MEET HIM ON THE WAY!
I'D BETTER GO BACK HOME, THEN!
NO! HE'LL BE RIGHT BACK! HE WAS JUST RUNNING OVER TO RETURN YOUR FATHER'S FISHING TACKLE!
WHAT?!!
SURE! HE SAID HE'S HAD IT FOR MONTHS AND FIGURED HE'D BETTER RETURN IT BEFORE YOUR DAD GETS SORE ABOUT IT!


YIPE!
?
OH, MY GOSH! IT WAS **BUZZ** HE WAS RAVING ABOUT! OH, I MUST GET THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
THERE HE IS! BUZZ! BUZZ! WAIT! **DON'T GO IN!** (PUFF, PUFF!)
?
THANK GOODNESS I'M IN TIME! (PUFF, PUFF!)
HUH? WHAT'S UP, PATSY?
HE OUGHT TO BE TARRED AND FEATHERED, TOO!
OH, THERE HE IS! EXCUSE ME, PATSY, WHILE I...
ULP!
GRRR!
3


OOF!
QUICK! INSIDE!
WHEW!
SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA, PATSY?
NEVER MIND THAT NOW! YOU HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!
IF HE SETS ONE FOOT IN THIS HOUSE, I'LL CHOP IT OFF!
HE'S HERE AGAIN! **QUICK!!** GET INTO THIS CLOSET!
BUT...
GRRR!
OKAY, BUZZ... YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! THIS CLOSET SAVED YOU!
THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK!
4


THIS "CLOSET" HAPPENED TO BE THE **BASEMENT STAIRS!**
I'D BETTER FIND SOMETHING TO DO BEFORE THIS ANGER GETS ME DOWN! GUESS I'LL CLEAN MY HUNTING RIFLE!
THE FIRST THING WE'VE GOT TO DO IS GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL THE SAME WAY!
YIPE!
??
PLEASE, PATSY! I KNOW I'D ENJOY THIS GAME BETTER IF I KNEW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
SHHH! CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW! WE'LL BE SAFE IN THE ATTIC FOR A WHILE!
5


?
CREAK!
THUMP!
CRACK!
STANLEY! COME HERE QUICKLY!
HUH?
ALL RIGHT, BUZZ! CLIMB DOWN!
PLEASE, PATSY! JUST TELL ME WHY I CAN'T USE THE STAIRCASE!
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! NOW! HURRY!
OKAY, OKAY! BUT I HOPE THIS ROPE HOLDS! THIS ATTIC IS TWO AND A HALF FLIGHTS UP!
PATSY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
ULP!
HA! YOUR MOTHER THOUGHT THERE WERE MICE UP HERE!
OH, ER... I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR SOMETHING!
SNAP!
6


YOU SEEM UNUSUALLY HAPPY, PATSY!
IT'S NOT EVERY DAY I GET A CHANCE TO SAVE SOMEONE'S LIFE!
OH, STAN, DEAR! BUZZ JUST CALLED AND SAID TO COME FOR YOUR FISHING ROD!
I'LL GO RIGHT DOWN AND GET IT!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE DADDY IS NO LONGER UPSET ABOUT THAT LAWN MOWER MR. JONES BORROWED AND FAILED TO RETURN!
WHAT!
HELLO, BUZZ! THANKS A MILLION FOR FIXING MY ROD! I APPRECIATE IT!
REPAIRING IT WAS EASY! BUT RETURNING IT HAS BEEN DANGEROUS WORK!
FRANKLY, MR. WALKER, HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING STRANGE ABOUT THE WAY YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEEN ACTING LATELY?
HMMM! COME TO THINK OF IT... SHE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT SAVING SOMEONE'S LIFE... DO YOU KNOW WHOSE IT COULD BE?
YEAH--MINE!
7
THE END

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GAMES -- FIRST -- ROLL CALL. TARDY GUESTS GET D'S... A GOOD ICE-BREAKER IS "WHACK THE BALLOONS." TIE A CLOTHESLINE ACROSS ONE END OF THE ROOM, LINE UP YOUR GUESTS, AND SUPPLY 'EM WITH RULERS. AT THE SIGNAL, EACH TOSSES HIS BALLOON INTO THE AIR AND TRIES TO WALLOP IT OVER THE LINE. FIRST OVER WINS, OF COURSE -- AND WE PREDICT ONE PROBLEM -- THEY'LL WANT TO PLAY THE GAME AGAIN AND AGAIN... BUY A LARGE COLORING BOOK. PAIR OFF THE GUESTS AND GIVE EACH COUPLE A PICTURE TO COLOR -- THEY'LL BE CRAYON-HAPPY AND COUPLE-HAPPY IN NO TIME... THINK UP QUIZ GAMES, TOO, WITH A SHINY APPLE FOR WINNERS, A 100-WORD THEME ON "WHY I AM A DUNCE" FOR LOSERS... DANCING WON'T BE SNIFFED AT, EITHER.

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by MAXINE SHORE

Romance for Three 3

Poor Sue had two terrific men—one too many. Because they only added up to double trouble . . . until . . .

UPSTAIRS in her room, Sue Lamson heard the jalopy struggle around the corner, give a long anguished wail as the brakes fought valiantly for control, then collapse, whimpering, against the curb.

Sue paused, hair brush poised hopefully in mid-air, listening. Maybe—just this once . . .

But no. The sounds below were definitely dual. Two bodies clambering out of the ancient heap, two forms jostling on the sidewalk below, two young voices, two sets of big feet thudding on the porch.

Even the doorbell, Sue thought grimly, rang twice. Lowering her brush despairingly, she went on brushing her bright hair, bearing down so viciously that it moved and shone restlessly in the light.

Downstairs the door opened. Then her mother called up sweetly, "Sue, dear, the boys are here!"

The boys. Always plural. Sue muttered under her breath, grimaced at her mirrored reflection. Then, carefully sugaring her voice, she called down clearly, "All right, Mother—tell Greg I'll be right down!"

Tell Greg. And—Sue compressed her curving red lips—tell Ollie Dixon to get lost!

Only you couldn't tell Ollie that, not outright. It wasn't that simple. Sue sighed, gave her hair a final stroke, flung off the transparent make-up cape and stood up.

Slowly, critically, she revolved before the long mirror. She had done all she could. If the way she looked tonight didn't make Greg Barbour realize finally that three was a crowd, she'd just give up. But definitely. Life, for Sue Lamson, was galloping toward a climax.

She descended the stairway rhythmically, her new delphinium blue dress swirling about her slender legs. Below, two closely cropped male heads lifted expectantly, two pairs of eyes widened appreciatively, and two mouths pursed, emitting two expressive whistles.

Two. Count 'em. Sue closed her eyes exasperatedly, missed a step, and half fell the rest of the way. It was Ollie Dixon who, leaping forward swiftly, kept her from an awkward spill at the foot of the stairs.

Ollie, not Greg. Ollie always horning in!

"Here, watch it, Susie," said Ollie. "You spoiled your entrance!"

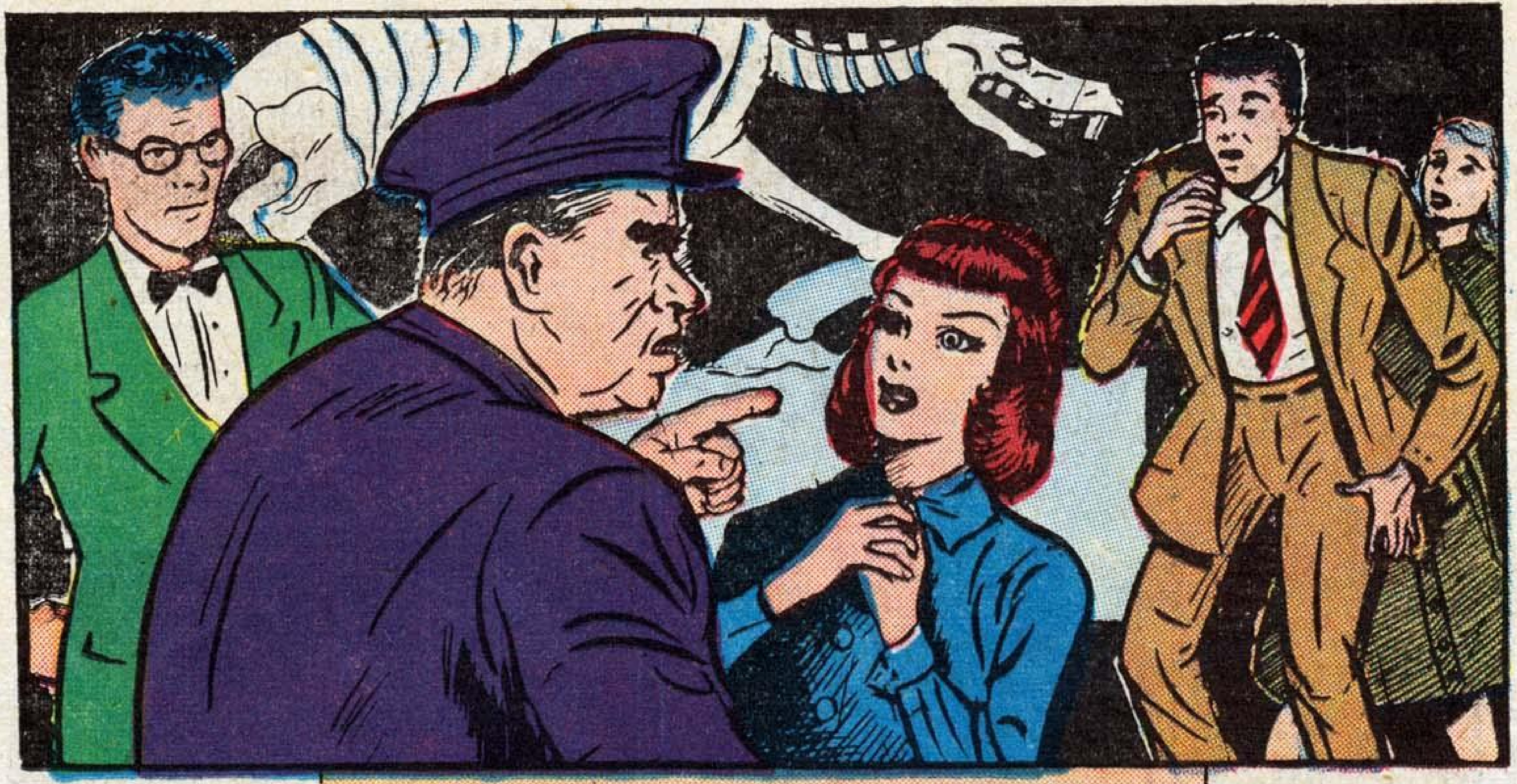
Which crack was so typically Ollie. X-ray eyes, Ollie had, where she was concerned, at least. He always seemed to know what she was trying to do—and why. There was no hiding from those observing brown eyes, so disarmingly outlined by horn-rimmed glasses.

"Hey, d'ja hurt yourself, cookie?" asked Greg, springing forward belatedly.

For Greg's sake, Sue managed a smile. Much as you might like to, you couldn't give the best friend of your Number One Throb the old iced melon treatment. So—one smile for Greg—and one for Ollie. Two. Count 'em.

"No, I didn't hurt myself," said Sue gayly. "Thanks to gallant Sir Ollie, I'm still in first class dating condition. The surface of the famous Lamson charm hasn't even been scratched."

She looked up at Greg, a very pleasant thing to do. The blue blue eyes contrasted so startlingly with his short-cropped black hair. There was that little boy grin, the jutting chin and, last but by no means least, those wide wide football shoulders, so important to Hillview High. Half a head taller than the brainy Ollie Dixon, Greg Barbour was decidedly broader of chest, too, Sue thought with satisfaction. As if that could possibly improve the



"Come on," the guard growled, "you and me are gonna see the cops." Her eyes desperately sought out Greg's tall, strong figure for help.

general situation.

They were like baked beans and brown bread, those two. Of course, Sue reminded herself, she had known that even before her first date with Greg. She remembered the rumor she had heard, that Greg Barbour was hitchhiking through school on Ollie Dixon's brains. Ollie's coaching, it was whispered, kept Greg's average up so he could stay on the football team.

Sue didn't believe a word of it. It was much more likely, so she thought, that Ollie rode through high school on Greg's popularity. Why, heck, didn't he even share Greg's girls?

At first, it hadn't been so bad. She had even had the first two or three dates with Greg sans Ollie. Then, how she never quite knew, Ollie sort of oozed in, and it became a threesome everywhere they went. Soon this everlasting twoness had become chronic.

But it wasn't just the twoness, either. A vague suspicion had been stirring in her for several weeks. There hadn't been anything definite, just a word or a phrase here and there, a kind of undercover atmosphere.

But now she was sure of it. Ollie Dixon didn't like her going with Greg. She and Ollie had always fenced with words, of course, but she hadn't thought it serious. Not until the last date with Greg. With Greg and Ollie, that is . . .

They had gone to the Moonlight Mixer in the school gymnasium. It was the Halloween Dance, with comic decorations and hilarious kid games. The whole thing had been Ollie's idea, as committee chairman, and it had gone over big. Even Sue had to admit that.

She had even told Ollie so, trying to be nice. "You certainly do have some sharp ideas, Ollie."

He had looked at her oddly, seemed embarrassed for a moment, then: "I've got more good ideas, if I can only get them worked out."

Something in the way he said it made her go scrambling for the double meaning she had come to believe always lurked in Ollie Dixon's conversation.

Then, as the music commenced, Ollie had reached for her. "Let's go, Susie, but keep off my toes, please." As if she ever danced on anyone's toes—as if she were clumsy! Oh, how that boy irritated her!

"But, Greg—" she said, holding back.

"Oh, he's over there talking to Marlie—see?" said Ollie blithely.

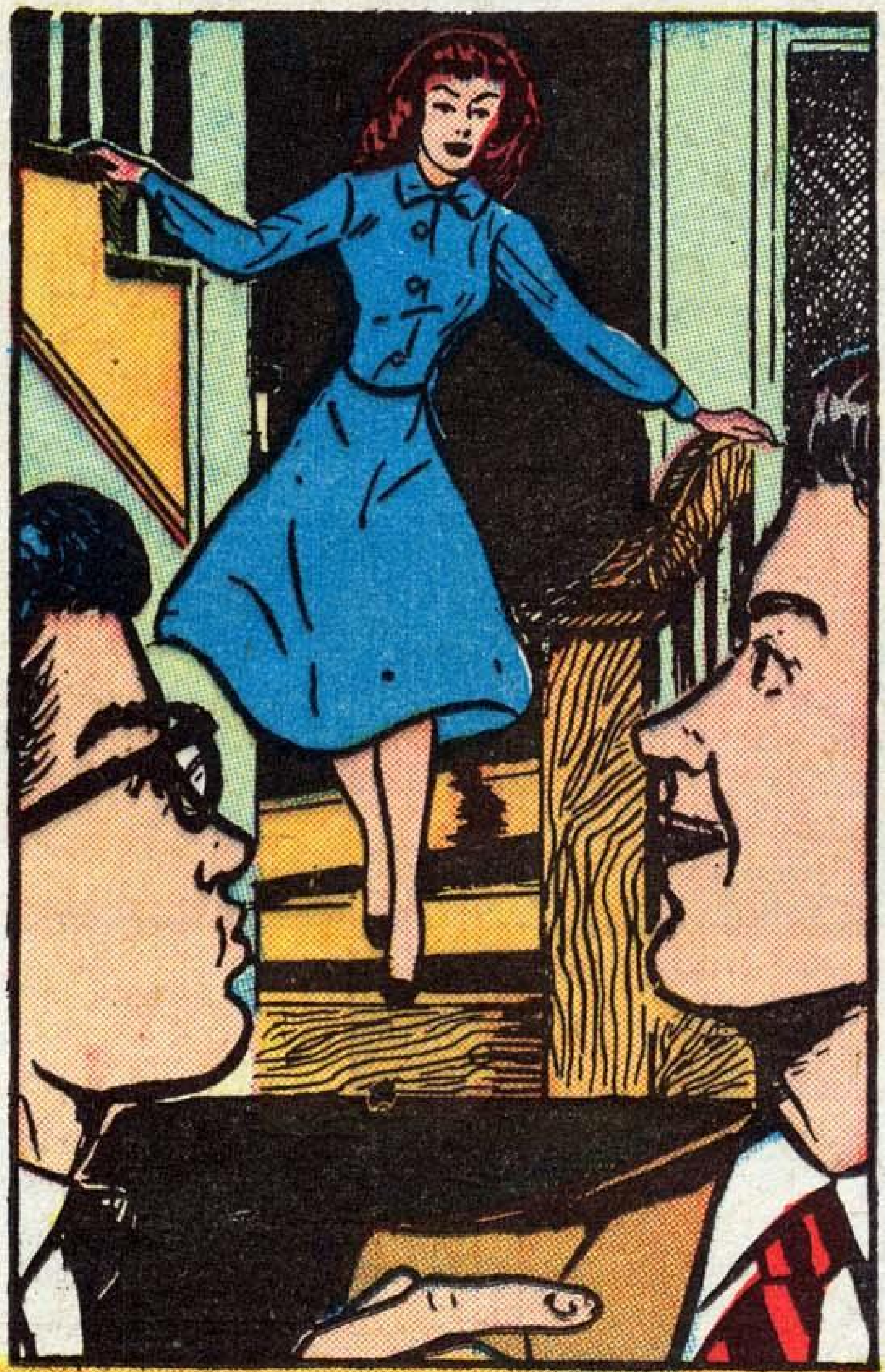
She looked, saw Greg grinning at the small blonde girl Ollie had introduced them to when they came in. A distant cousin of Ollie's, she had just transferred to Hillview High from U High, and Ollie had expressed the hope that they would be nice to her and make her feel at home. Sue looked again, more sharply. Marlie certainly looked right at home with Greg, she decided. Marlie looked, in fact, as if she'd like to move right in and set up housekeeping.

Sue steeled herself to be casual. She mustn't let Ollie have the satisfaction of thinking it bothered her any—Greg's being "nice" to Marlie Jones. Sue soothed herself. After all, why on earth should it bother her any? Wasn't Greg just being kind to a lonesome newcomer? Kinder-hearted than Ollie, she thought crossly, who should have been the one to look after his own dear cousin.

She missed a step.

"Ah—ah," reproved Ollie. "Something on your mind?"

Annoyance boiled up inside Sue. But she managed to say lightly, "Just my witch bonnet. I don't think it's on straight."



As she descended the stairway, two pairs of eyes widened appreciatively and two mouths emitted expressive whistles.

Ollie took a good long look, which made her flush uncomfortably.

"On you," said Ollie softly, "it looks good." Just like Ollie, always mocking.

But she *was* feeling a little like a neglected witch. Because there was Greg, dancing cozily with Marlie, and it wasn't as if this was the first time this sort of thing had happened, lately. It seemed to Sue that Ollie always managed to see that Greg became involved with some glad-to-see-you girl or other—in order to keep him away from her, Sue. It was frustrating, to put it mildly! Especially since that always left her more or less stuck with Ollie.

The thing to do, Sue told herself firmly, was to stop seeing Greg. It would be worth it, just to get Ollie out of her hair. But, somehow, she could never bring herself to do it.

Their dates drifted along. Each time she kept hoping that maybe, just once, Greg might arrive unattached. She felt that, if she could ever be alone with Greg long enough, they might get to know each other and to come to a very sweet understanding. He might even hang his class pin on her! The thought was pleasantly dizzying.

Sooner or later, she told herself, this baffling stalemate would have to end. Either Ollie would, very belatedly, take his cue and kindly disappear, or Greg—and Sue preferred this solution—would come to his senses and send Ollie packing. It would be an exciting scene, as Sue visualized it, in which Greg would simply say bluntly, but not unkindly, "Sue and I want to be alone for a change, Ollie, old friend. Why don't you get lost?"

Only, somehow, she could never quite picture Ollie tamely departing, which shattered the loveliness of this daydream. Ollie always just stood there, hands thrust deep in pockets as usual, and grinned ironically at her. Even in her imaginings, Ollie was obstinate. It was exasperating.

At the Halloween Dance, Greg kept wandering back at intervals, looking for her, but Ollie was an expert at weaving in and out among the dancers, so very often Greg missed finding them, and went back to Marlie or someone else.

"Really!" said Sue at last, impatiently. "It was Greg who invited me to the Mixer, Ollie."

"He doesn't dance as well as I do," said Ollie dreamily.

"That's not the point—" began Sue hotly.

"Maybe it is," said Ollie. "Besides, if he wants to dance with you badly enough, he'll look you up."

"You know very well—"

"At least," Ollie reminded her lazily, "you're never bored with me, exactly, are you, Susie?"

Just as if she was sometimes bored with Greg—or, worse thought, Greg with her!

"That's ridiculous!"

"Is it?" Ollie asked politely. "Well, anyhow, I'd quit worrying my pretty little head about Greg, if I were you."

"Which," said Sue coldly, "you aren't."

Had it been a threat, a warning, a prediction? She wondered about it later . . .

Greg smiled down at her now, admiringly. "I'm glad you didn't hurt yourself. That could have been a bad fall. But, say," he went on, noting the new blue dress, "aren't you dressed kinda fancy for bowling?"

Sue took a deep breath, exhaled carefully. "Bowling? I—I thought we were going to the Antique Show at the Art Institute. You know, the one Ollie said we shouldn't miss." She smiled radiantly at Ollie. "The one he wrote about in his column for the school weekly, remember?"

Obviously, Greg didn't. "But, holy cats," he said, "an antique collection!"

"Oh, come on, Greg, why not humor her?" Ollie thrust his hands into his pockets, jingled some loose change. "I'd kinda like to see the old relics again, myself." He beamed at Sue.

She bit her lip. She had high hopes for the Antique Show. Knowing Ollie had already seen the exhibit, she had prayed he would beg off, leaving her and Greg to go alone. She had also hoped that perhaps some of the mellow romantic atmosphere of the past might rub off on Greg, and that afterwards they might walk through the park outside the Institute in the tender light of the huge harvest moon . . .

Ollie, it seemed, wasn't through sabotaging her plans.

He snapped his fingers. "Say, come to think of it, Marlie mentioned wanting to see the antiques, too. What say we make it a foursome?"

Marlie Jones gave no indication, as far as Sue could discover, of being vitally interested in antiques. She said, dimpling up at Greg, that she was more interested in strong young modern things. Before Sue knew what was happening, Marlie and Greg had drifted obliviously by the famous showpieces and had disappeared into the dimly lit Egyptian room.

Which left her with Ollie again. Ollie, sauntering and gazing, moving along beside her as if attached by magnet. She threw him a bitter look, made more intense by the look of sheer satisfaction that had settled like moonglow upon his face. Ollie, she was horribly certain, had engineered this, and Ollie was obviously happy about the whole thing.

Oh, how she'd like to show smart Ollie Dixon! And Greg and Marlie, too, of course, although they were more or less puppets in this second-rate show. She took all her accumulated resentment and deposited it, like a tautly inflated balloon, at Ollie's feet.

On the surface, all was calm. They moved along from aisle to aisle, observing old clocks, ancient tureens, frail furniture. Having got his own way, Ollie was very agreeable. Everything she liked, he liked, too, he said. He didn't try to hurry her—but then why should he, since he was keeping her away from Greg so Marlie could carry on.

Occasionally Ollie would stop and ask questions of the official-looking men who were in charge of the exhibit. This was the last day of the show, and already some of the antiques were being packed for removal to another city. Sue, Marlie, Greg and Ollie were among the last ones in the building.

Sue felt restless, especially with Ollie clinging to her side like such a burr. If she couldn't be with Greg and—thanks to Ollie it seemed she couldn't—she'd rather be alone, she told herself. So, at the first opportunity, she slipped through a door, around the corner into another room, while Ollie chatted with a curator.

Dashing breathlessly through two more rooms, she heard Ollie's anxious voice calling after her. She was in the last room, where the pieces of rare jade were kept.

As she stood there, uncertain just what to do next, an impressive-looking gray-haired man hurried in, looked about quickly, and removed a small carved white jade figure from its display pedestal.

Sue, standing behind a statue, coughed. He stood stock still, startled by her presence, apparently. Then, to her surprise, he came toward her, speaking rapidly.

"Ah, I wonder if you'd do me a favor, miss? I have some other important work to, ah, attend to, but I must get this jade piece to my—to the packer, who is waiting outside to take some things away in his car. They must go out tonight. Could you deliver it to him for me? He's waiting outside on the steps by the right pillar. Here, perhaps you could just slip this into your large coat pocket, for protection, you know."

Sue nodded and felt a thrill of pride. Doubtless this man was the director of the exhibit himself, and he trusted her with this priceless art object!

She was hurrying toward the door when Ollie appeared, his face lighting as he saw her.

"Hey," he said, "I didn't know where you'd gone to." He teetered back on his heels, as she brushed haughtily by him. "Whoa, where you going?"

"I," said Sue loftily, "am on an errand for the director of this exhibit. I'm delivering a piece of jade to one of his assistants outside." She pulled out the precious figure, flashing it at him importantly.

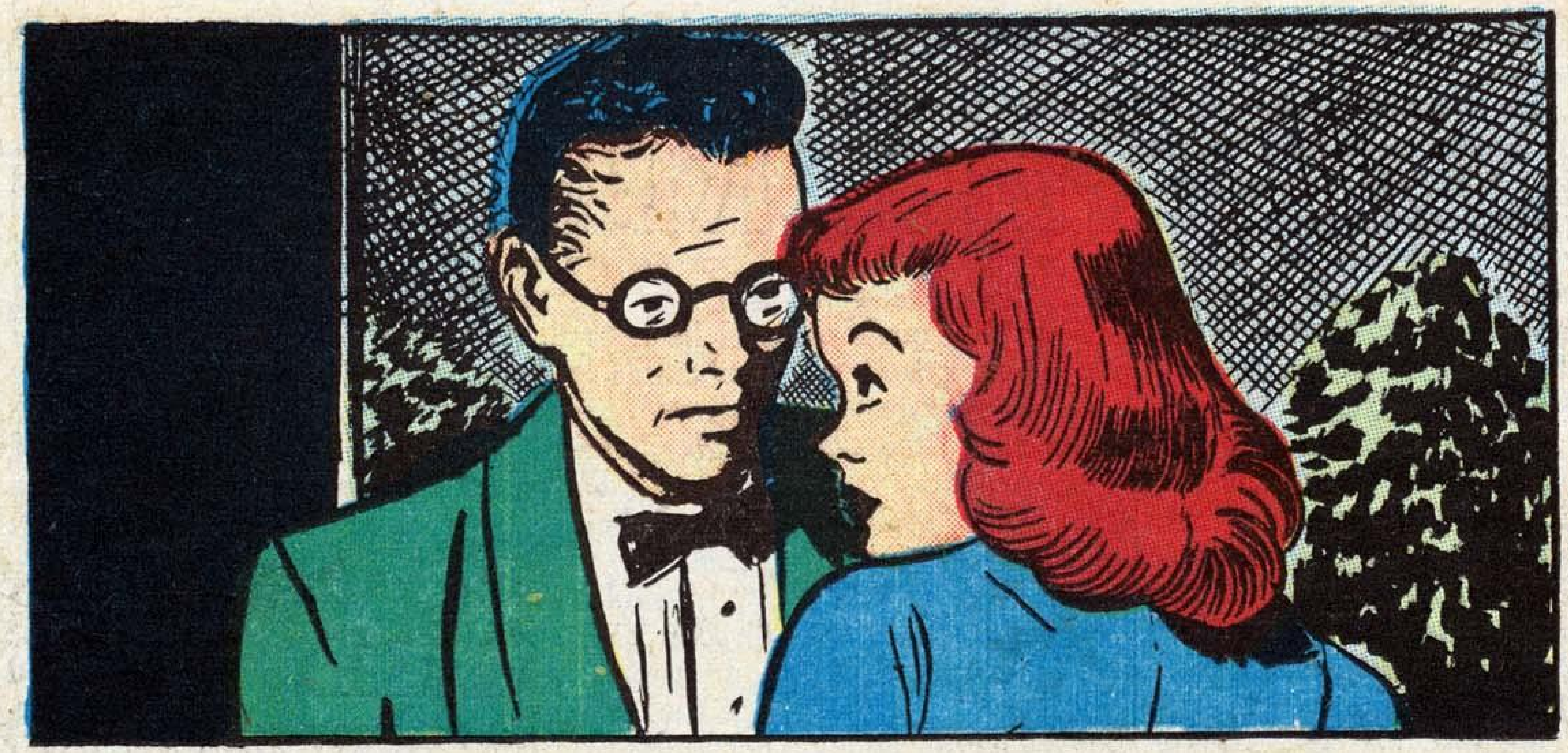
"Jee—pers!" Ollie gasped.

"Young woman!" A large hand fell unexpectedly on Sue's shoulder. "What have you there?"

Sue turned. It was only one of the guards. She smiled at him condescendingly.

"Oh, it's just a jade piece I'm delivering for the director," she said nonchalantly, and started

As she danced wth Ollie, Sue had a dizzying thought: Greg might even hang his class pin on her.



Then she knew, and warmth flooded her—Ollie had always wanted her for himself.

to move on.

But she couldn't. Instead, the hand grew heavier on her shoulder, while the guard's other hand reached for the jade.

"No, you don't, lady!"

Sue tried to draw herself up. "Please, I'm in a hurry. You don't understand . . ."

"I understand, all right," the guard growled. "You were trying to lift that jade. Come on, you and me are gonna see the police."

"Oh, Sue—oo, there you are!" trilled a voice from the doorway. It was Marlie, draped possessively on Greg's arm. But Sue was too frightened to care. Her eyes sought out Greg's tall strong figure for help.

"Greg, this man! He's—he's trying to arrest me!" she wailed.

"Huh, what for?" Greg gaped.

"For trying to swipe a priceless piece of jade, that's why," said the guard bluntly.

"Oh, Sue—oo," shrilled Marlie, shocked, "you shouldn't have!"

Bewildered, Greg looked at Marlie, then back to Sue. "Yeh, Sue, it's against the law to—"

"You know each other?" The guard's iron fingers were biting into Sue's shoulder. His suspicion enveloped them all like a clammy fog. "Maybe I better take the lot of you into custody. Looks like a gang!"

"No!" cried Marlie hysterically. "No, please. We haven't had anything to do with her. We were just—" She swayed back against Greg, whose mouth was opening and shutting fitfully.

"Look!" Ollie stepped forward, removing his glasses. "You lay a hand on any of us, and there'll be trouble!" He balled his fist, jutted his chin, and met the guard's belligerent eyes, glare for glare. "Why don't you ask how she got the jade, who gave it to her, where she's taking it? That way maybe you can catch the real crooks before they smell trouble and scram!" He scowled fiercely. "Go on, ask her!"

The guard looked as if he might be wanting to sock Ollie—then, reluctantly, he grunted and turned to Sue.

"Okay, spill your story, but it better be good—and quick."

Sue's words tumbled all over each other. Her faint voice trembled. When she finished the guard gave an ejaculation, began to run, pulling her along with him. A white butterfly of hope fluttered around the flame of her fear.

He pushed her ahead through the swinging doors. "Go ahead, let's see you deliver it."

A man was waiting. "You got it?" he demanded. "Here, hand it over, sister!"

The stranger was arrested with the jade in his hands. The distinguished-looking accomplice was caught trying to leave by a rear door.

Ollie walked home with Sue, through the park outside the Institute, under the full autumn moon. Ollie's hand was warm around her still cold fingers.

Finally he spoke. "You were kind of—abrupt with Greg," he said mildly.

"Maybe I was," Sue said. Greg seemed completely unimportant. He hadn't been there when she'd needed someone. He'd been too afraid, scared of being involved himself. But not Ollie. Ollie had been right there, with his nice courageous brown eyes, his quick wits, and understanding. She knew now why Ollie had always come along. He knew Greg, and he knew Greg wasn't right for her. That was why he'd wanted to break them up. And also—quick warmth flooded her—Ollie had wanted her for *himself*, to be his girl. Ollie, with his superior brains, surprising courage, and steadfast loyalty, had wanted her!

"It's nice, just the two of us walking home together," Ollie said softly.

Sue laughed happily. "Two's company. The right two. Count 'em!"

THE END

OFF THE RECORD

THE GAL WHO WROTE THIS LETTER HAD A SONG IN HER HEART. WHAT WAS IT ABOUT? FIND ALL THE SONG TITLES IN THE LETTER BELOW AND YOU'LL KNOW...

St. Louis,
Missouri
August, 1949

Dear Danny Boy:

Maybe I'm in a sentimental mood tonight, but I keep asking myself – can I forget you? No matter where or when, you'll always be the man I love, and ever since that day you went cruising down the river bound for faraway places, I've been dreaming of our moonlight romance. You're a wonderful guy, Danny boy, but sometimes it seems as if you were but a dream. Anyhow, here I'll stay and wait for you till the end of the world. When will you be going home? I know you've come a long way from St. Louis, but please don't forget the old folks at home.

Forever and ever,
Laura.

ANSWERS: ....

ANSWERS: DANNY BOY, I'M IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD, CAN I FORGET YOU?, WHERE OR WHEN, ALWAYS, THE MAN I LOVE, CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER, FARAWAY PLACES, MOONLIGHT ROMANCE, A WONDERFUL GUY, DANNY BOY, IF YOU WERE BUT A DREAM, HERE I'LL STAY, TILL THE END OF THE WORLD, GOING HOME, YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY FROM ST. LOUIS, OLD FOLKS AT HOME, FOREVER AND EVER, LAURA.

If you demand details on the life of the gnu* . . .
DON'T *read the new*
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*See Dictionary
. . . not a single gnu, it's all about *you!*

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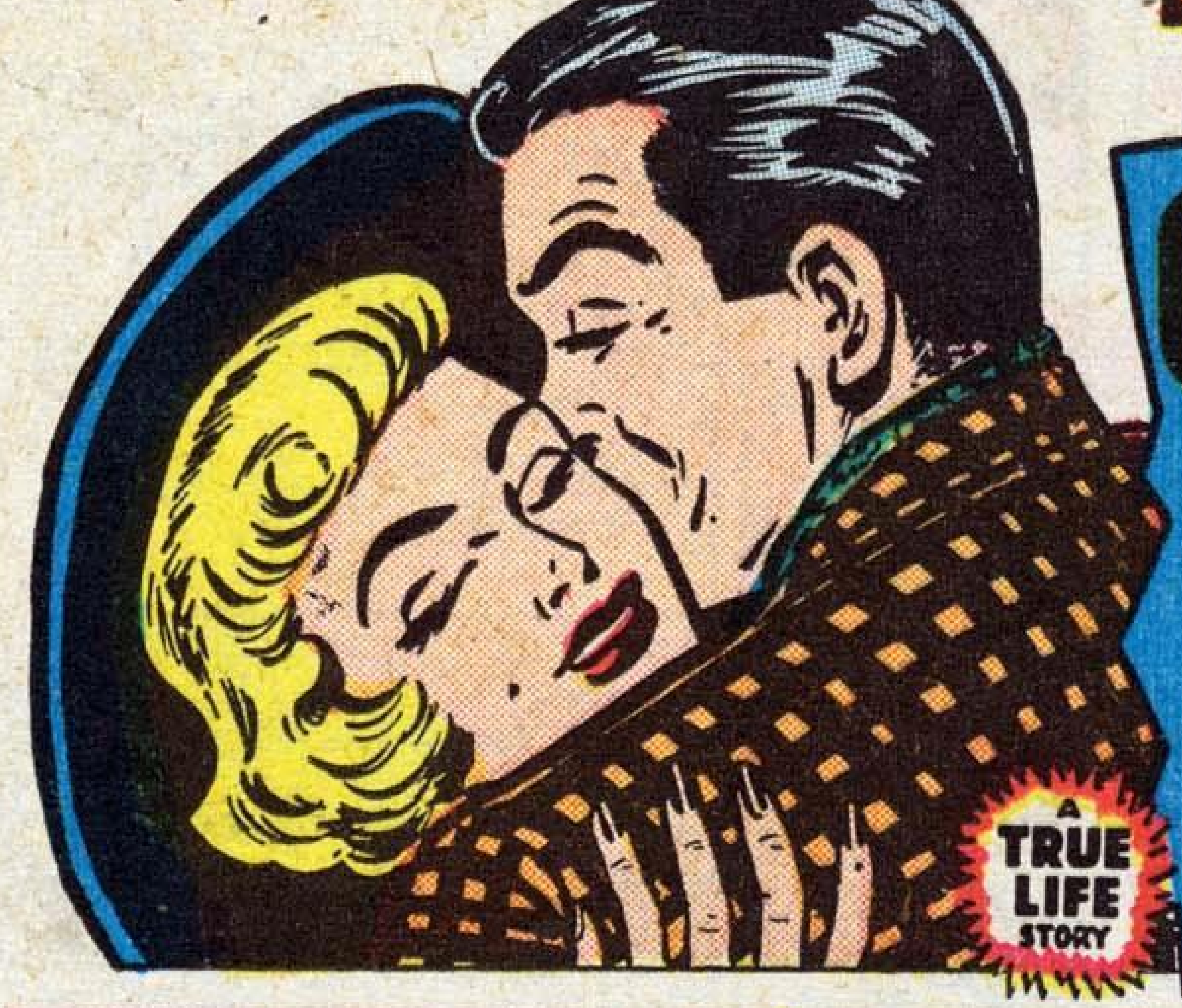
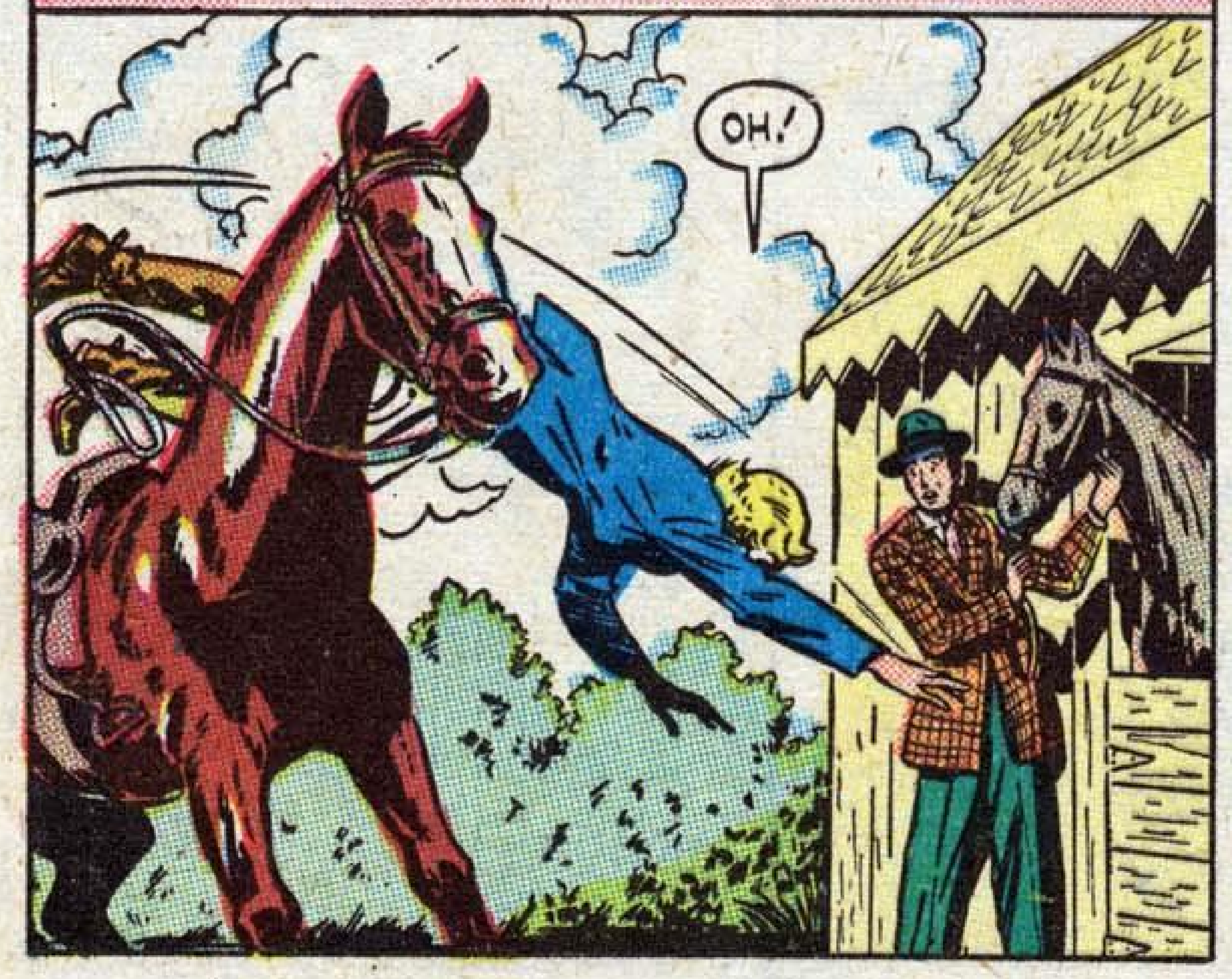
A TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE

CHANGE OF HEART

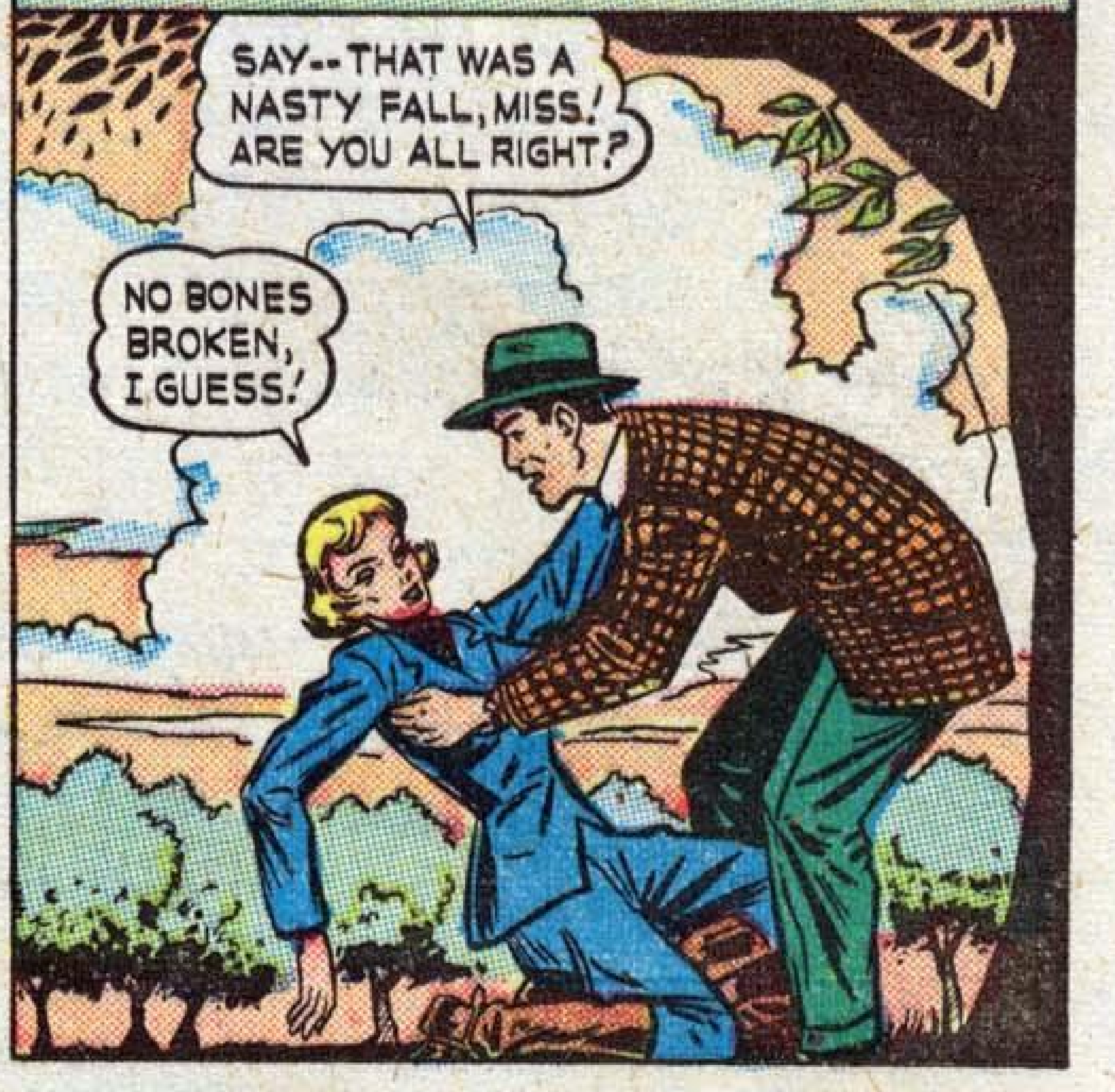

A TRUE LIFE STORY

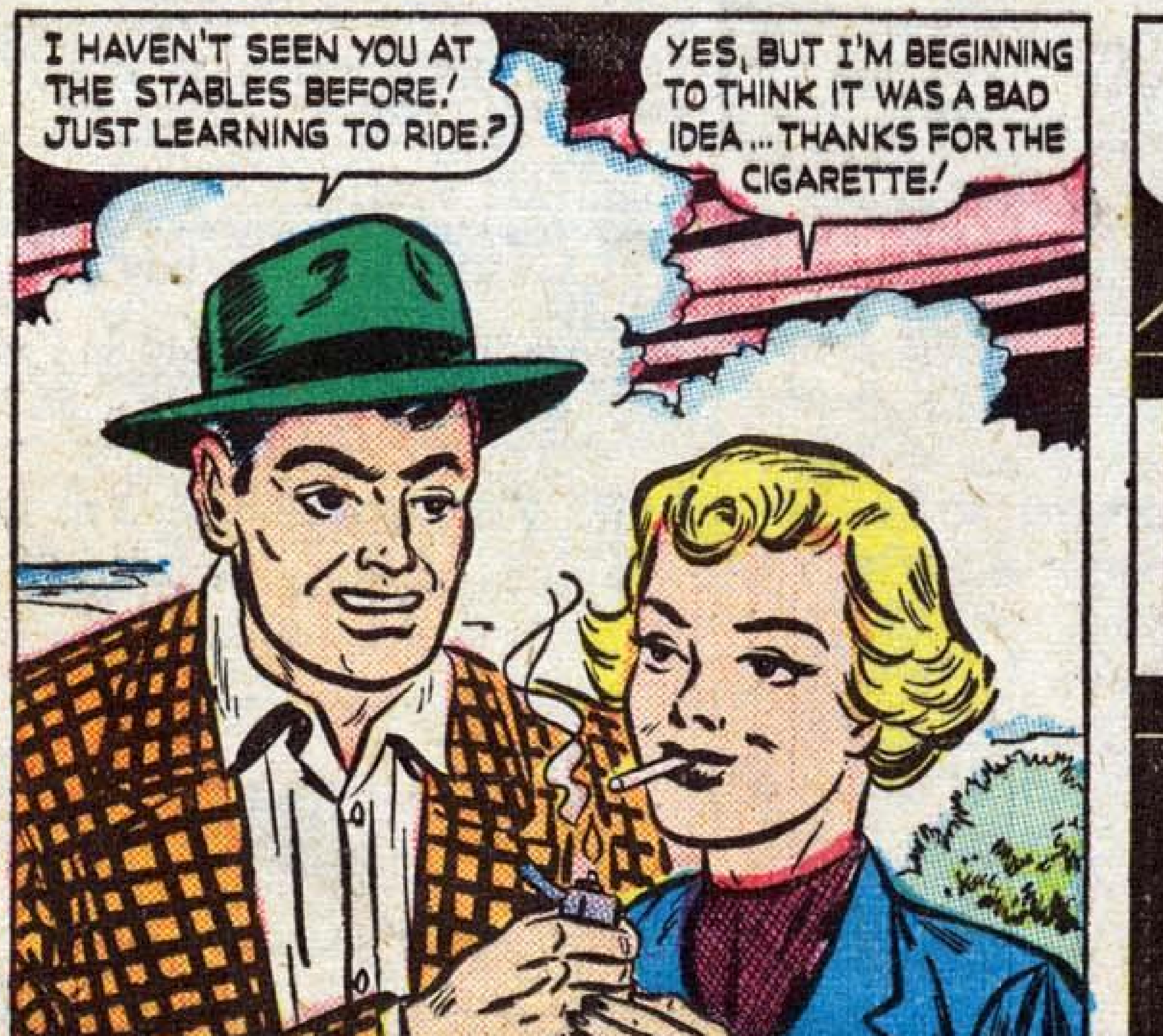
6444

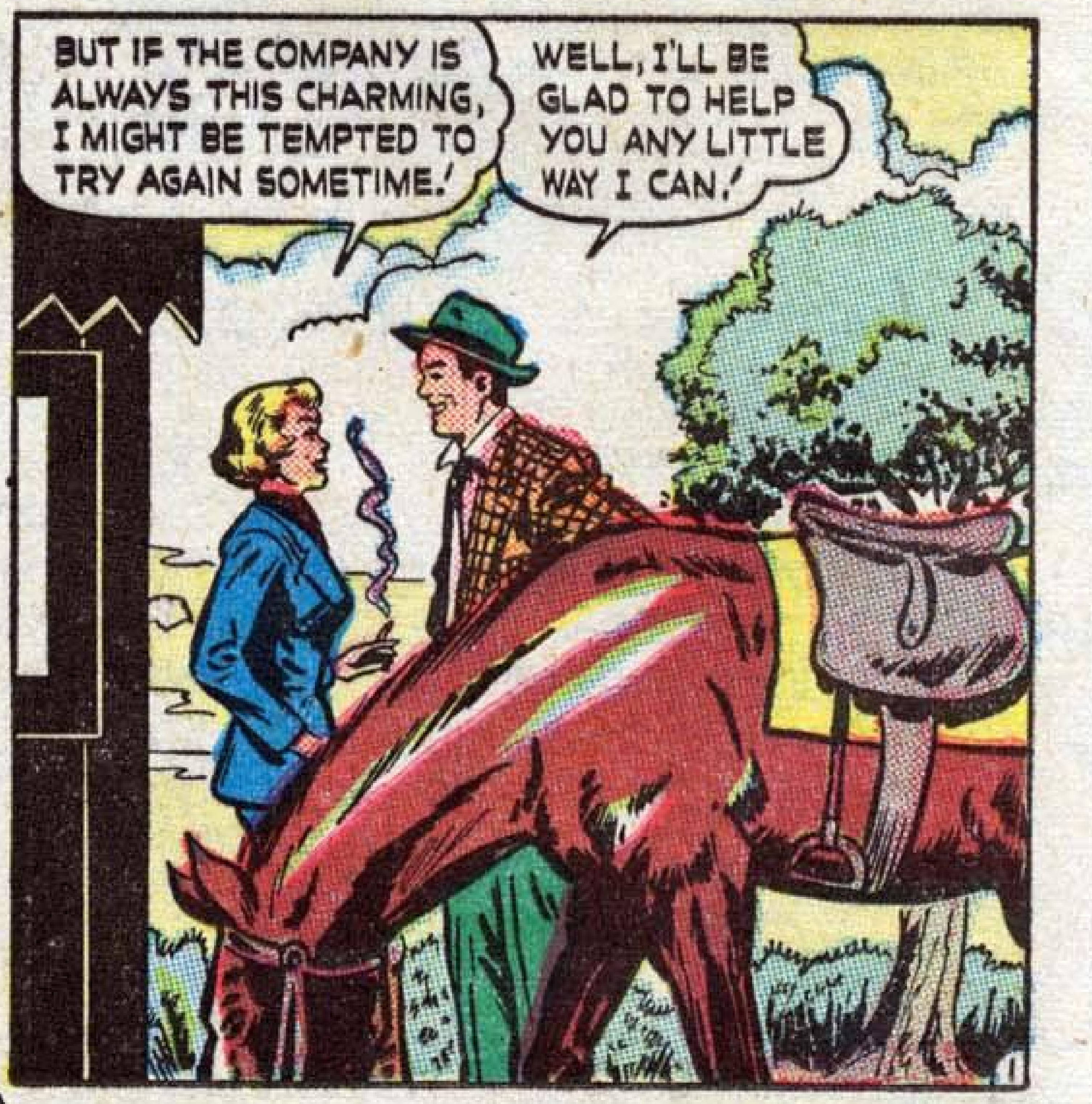
I HAD NEVER USED MY BEAUTY AS A WEAPON BEFORE--BUT, THAT AFTERNOON AT THE RIDING STABLES, I KNEW I MUST CALL UPON EVERY FEMININE WILE AT MY COMMAND!

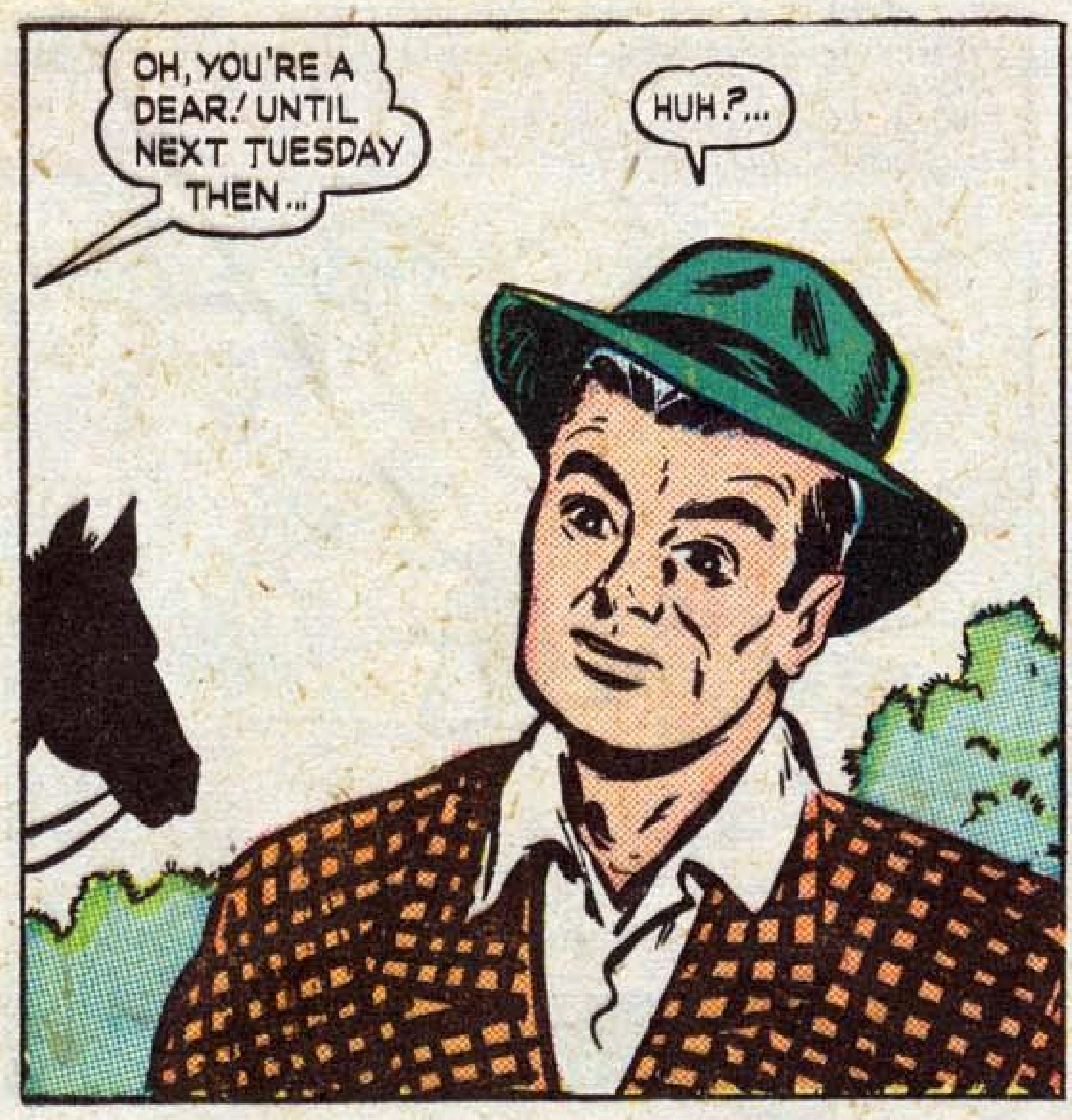


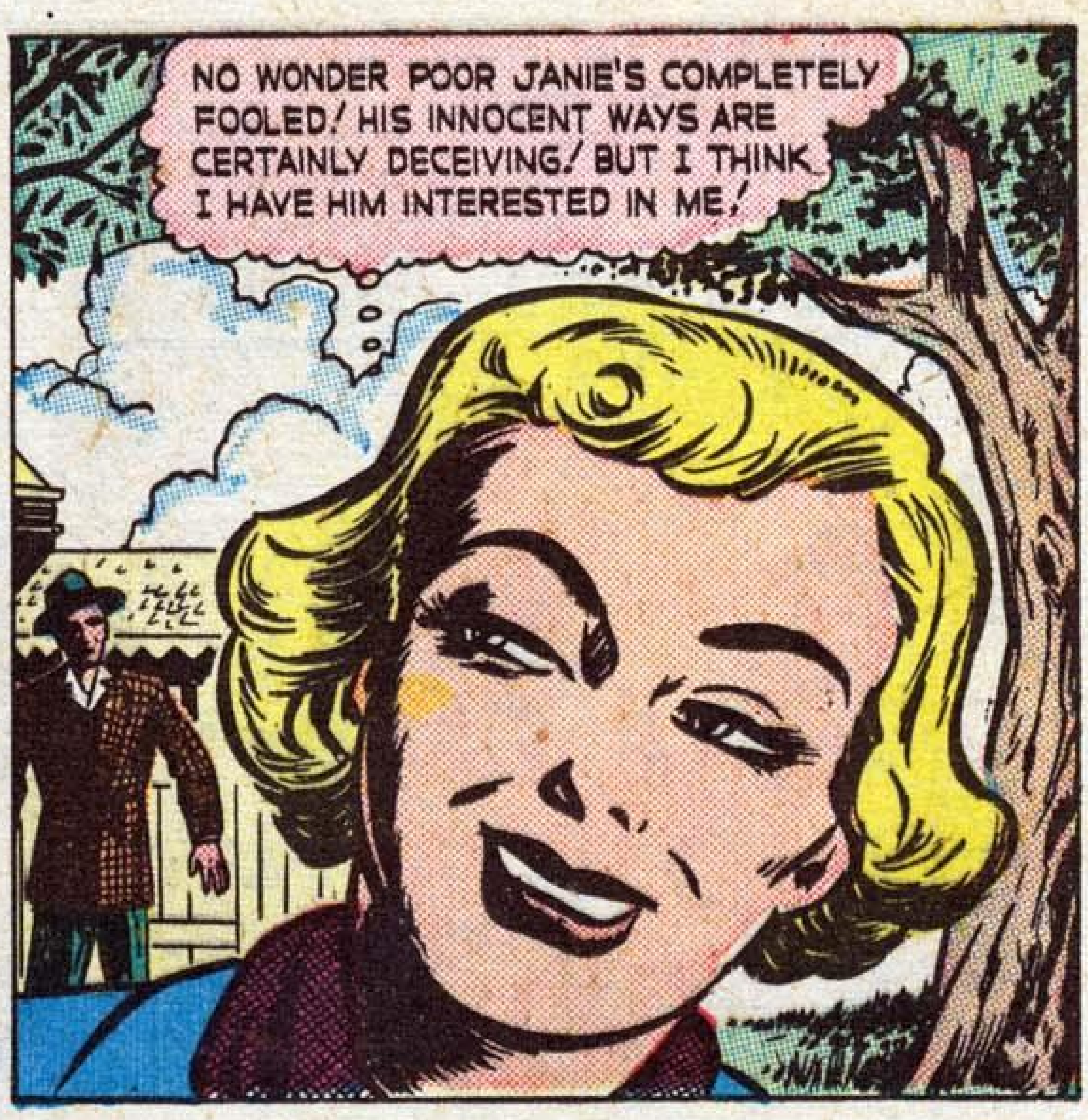
IF I WERE TO SAVE MY DEAREST FRIEND FROM A BLIGHTED ROMANCE, I HAD TO MEET HAL REID...

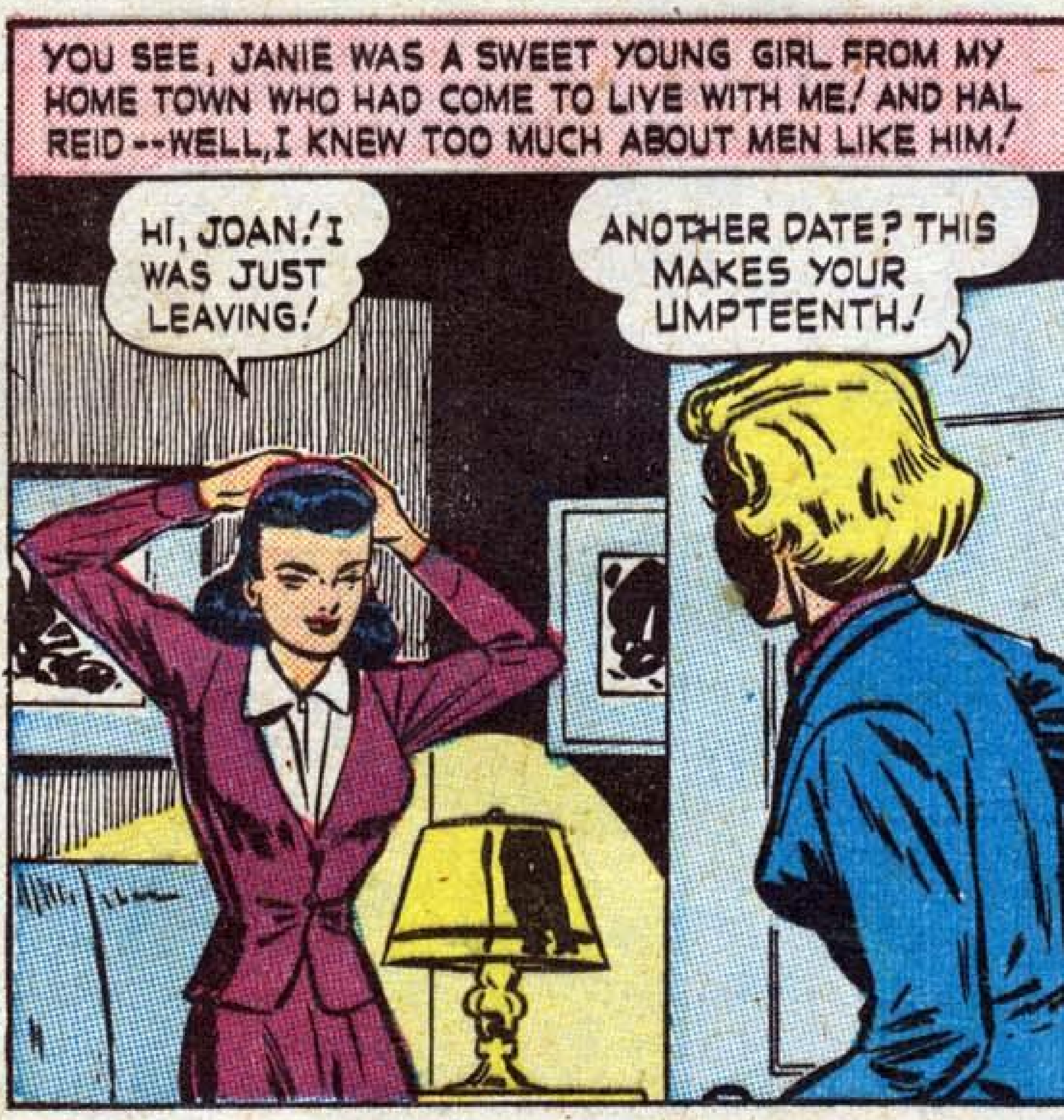

SAY--THAT WAS A NASTY FALL, MISS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO BONES BROKEN, I GUESS!

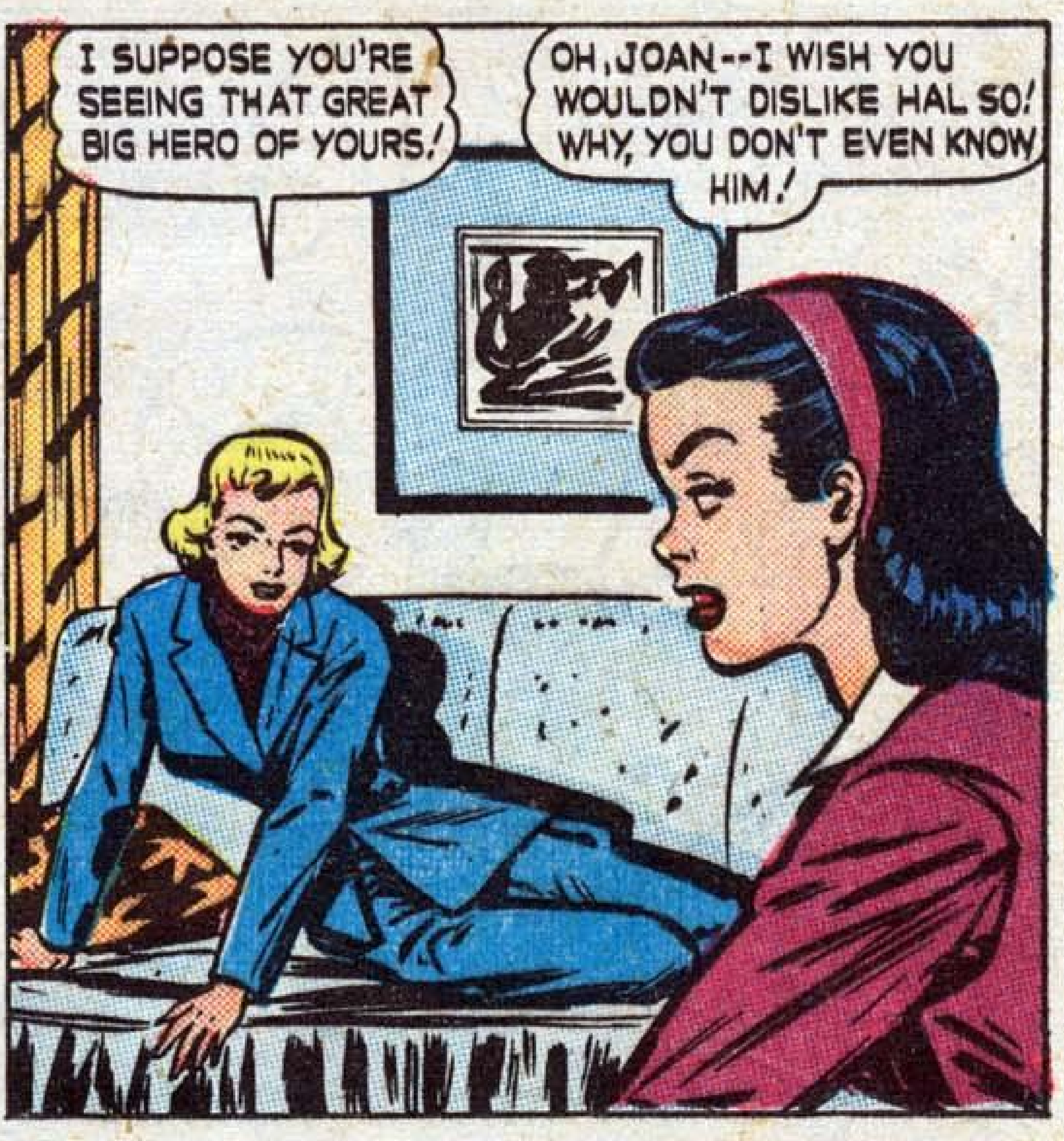

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT THE STABLES BEFORE! JUST LEARNING TO RIDE?
YES, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS A BAD IDEA...THANKS FOR THE CIGARETTE!

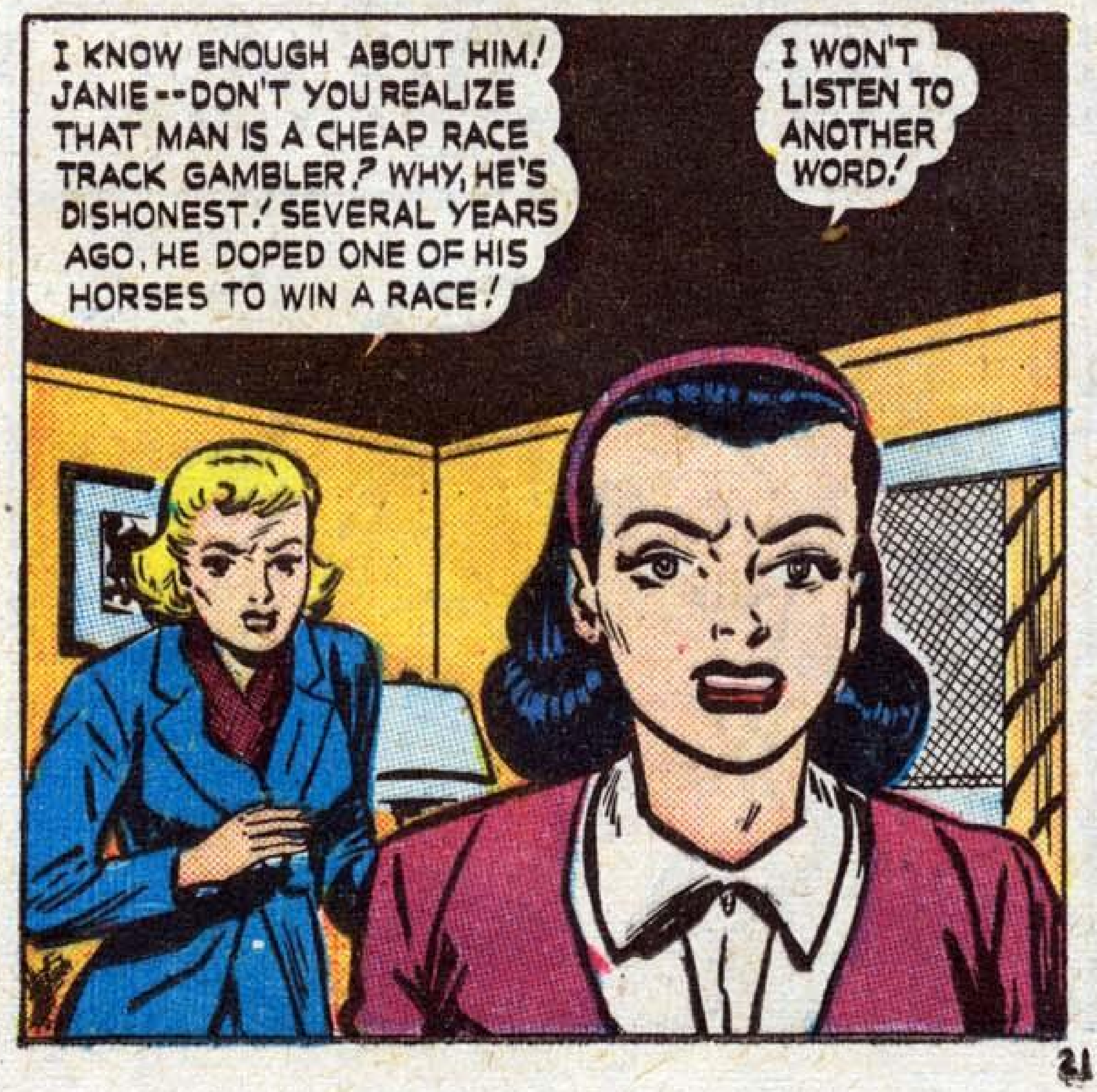

BUT IF THE COMPANY IS ALWAYS THIS CHARMING, I MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO TRY AGAIN SOMETIME!
WELL, I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU ANY LITTLE WAY I CAN!
1

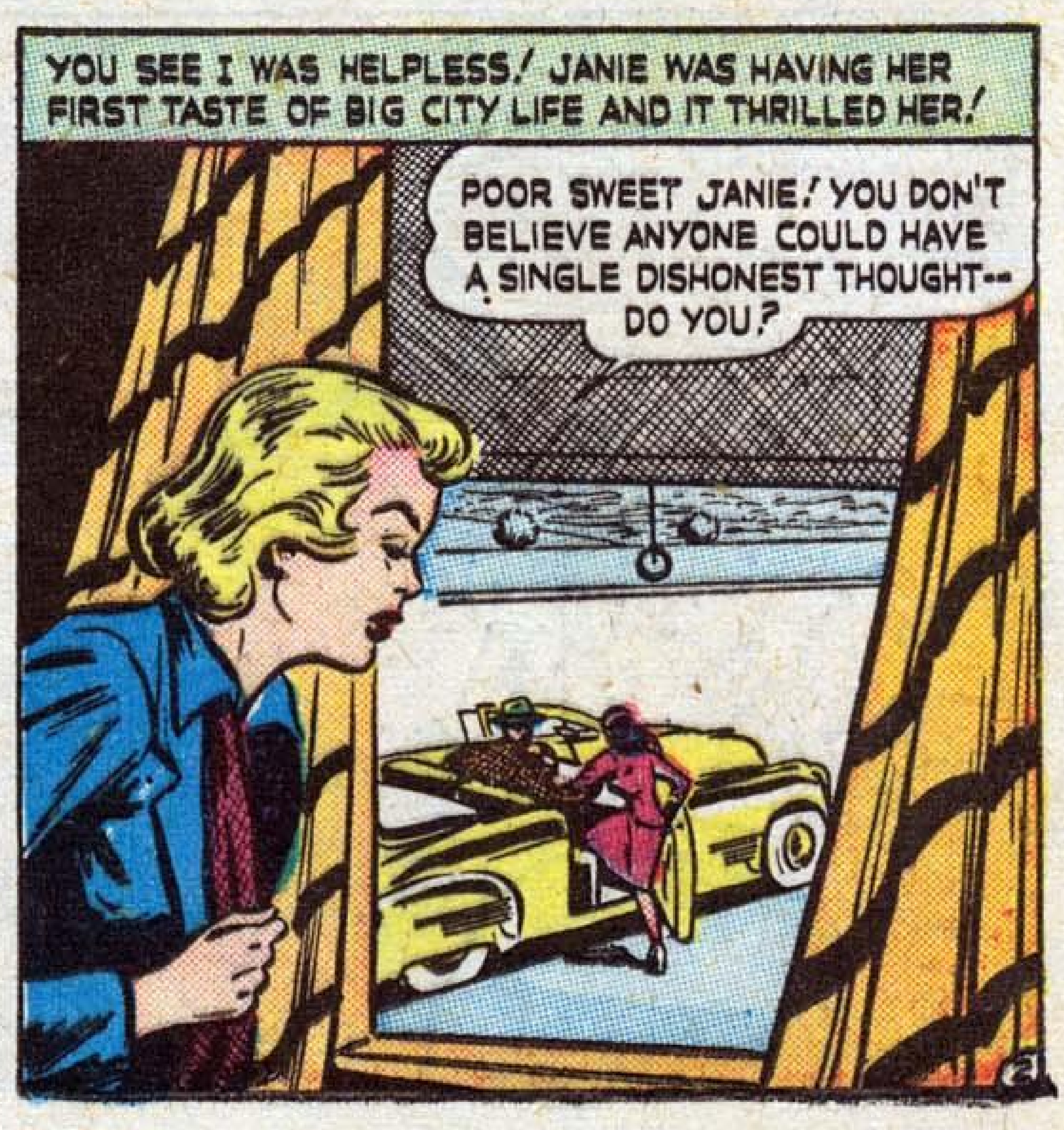

OH, YOU'RE A DEAR! UNTIL NEXT TUESDAY THEN...
HUH?...

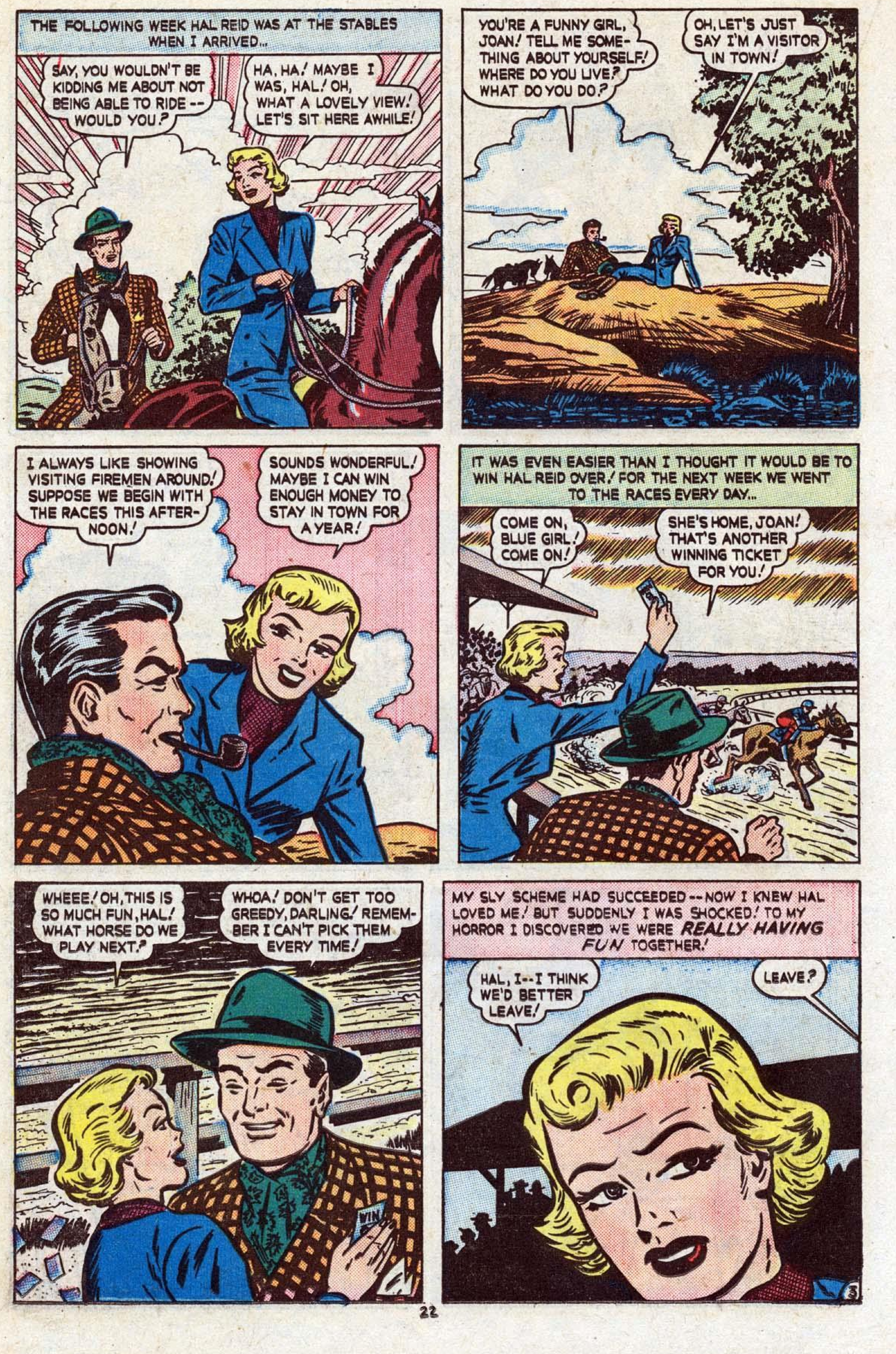

NO WONDER POOR JANIE'S COMPLETELY FOOLED! HIS INNOCENT WAYS ARE CERTAINLY DECEIVING! BUT I THINK I HAVE HIM INTERESTED IN ME!

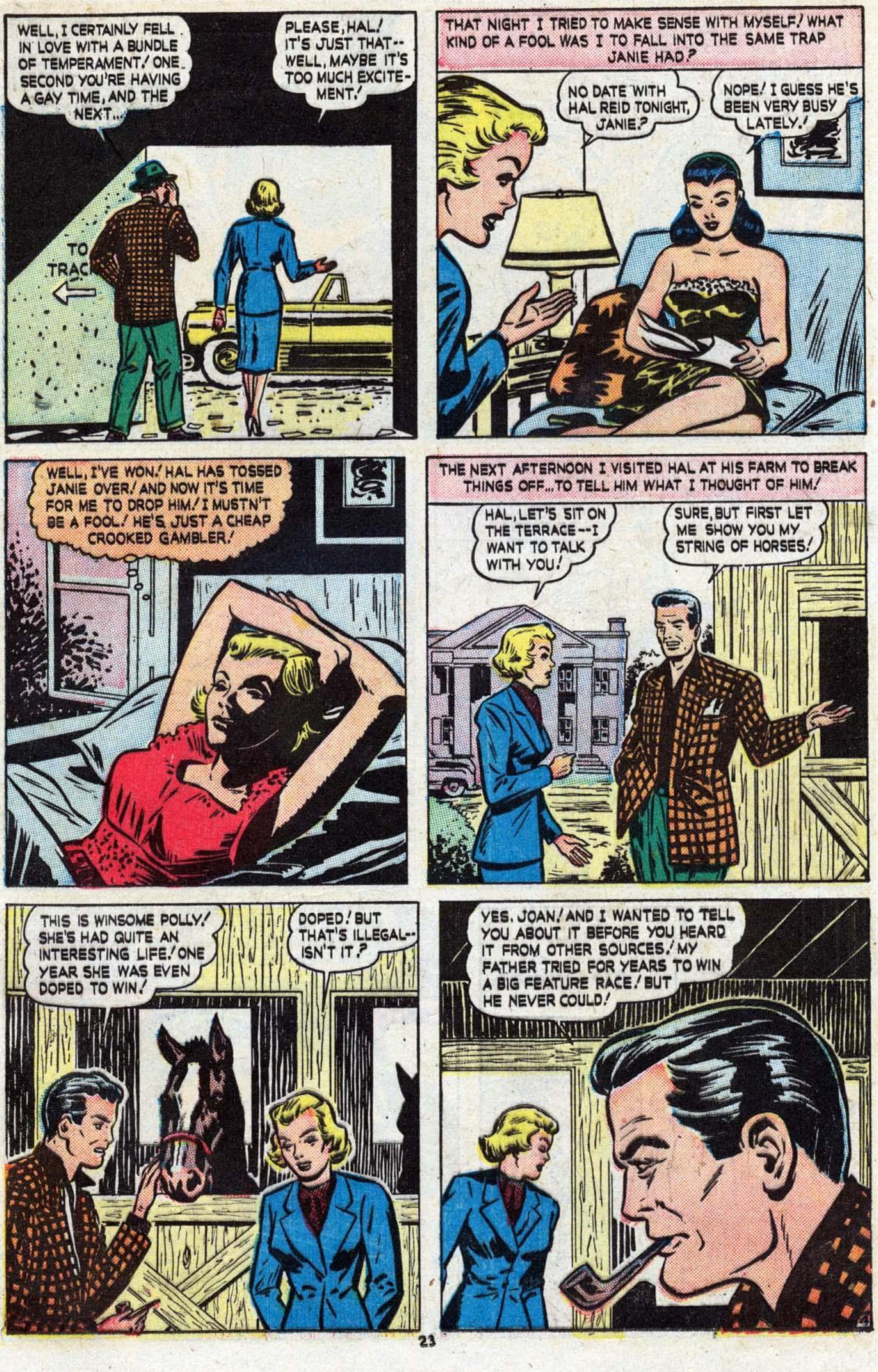

YOU SEE, JANIE WAS A SWEET YOUNG GIRL FROM MY HOME TOWN WHO HAD COME TO LIVE WITH ME! AND HAL REID--WELL, I KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT MEN LIKE HIM!
HI, JOAN! I WAS JUST LEAVING!
ANOTHER DATE? THIS MAKES YOUR UMPTEENTH!

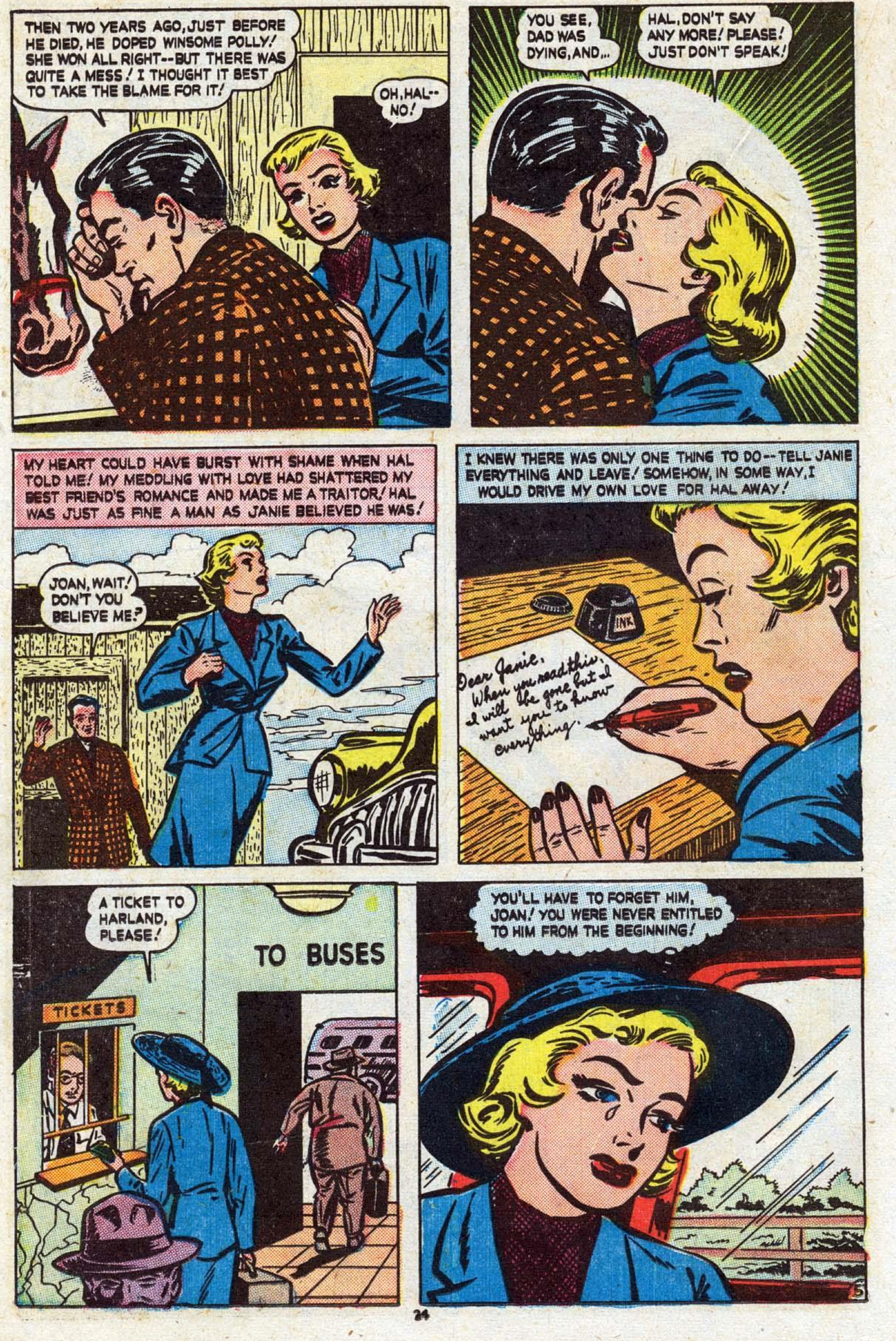

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE SEEING THAT GREAT BIG HERO OF YOURS!
OH, JOAN--I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DISLIKE HAL SO! WHY, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM!

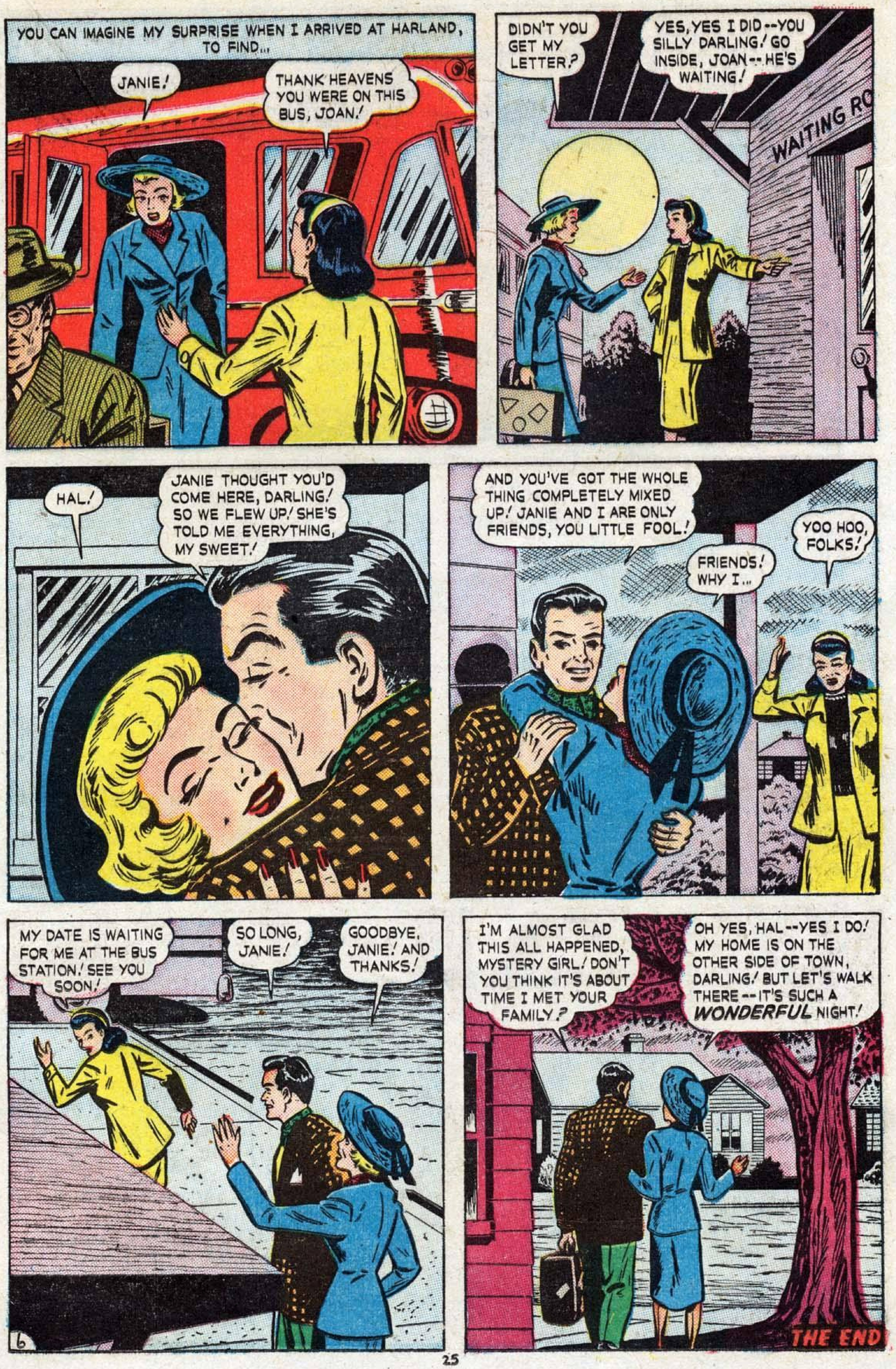

I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HIM! JANIE--DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT MAN IS A CHEAP RACE TRACK GAMBLER? WHY, HE'S DISHONEST! SEVERAL YEARS AGO, HE DOPED ONE OF HIS HORSES TO WIN A RACE!
I WON'T LISTEN TO ANOTHER WORD!

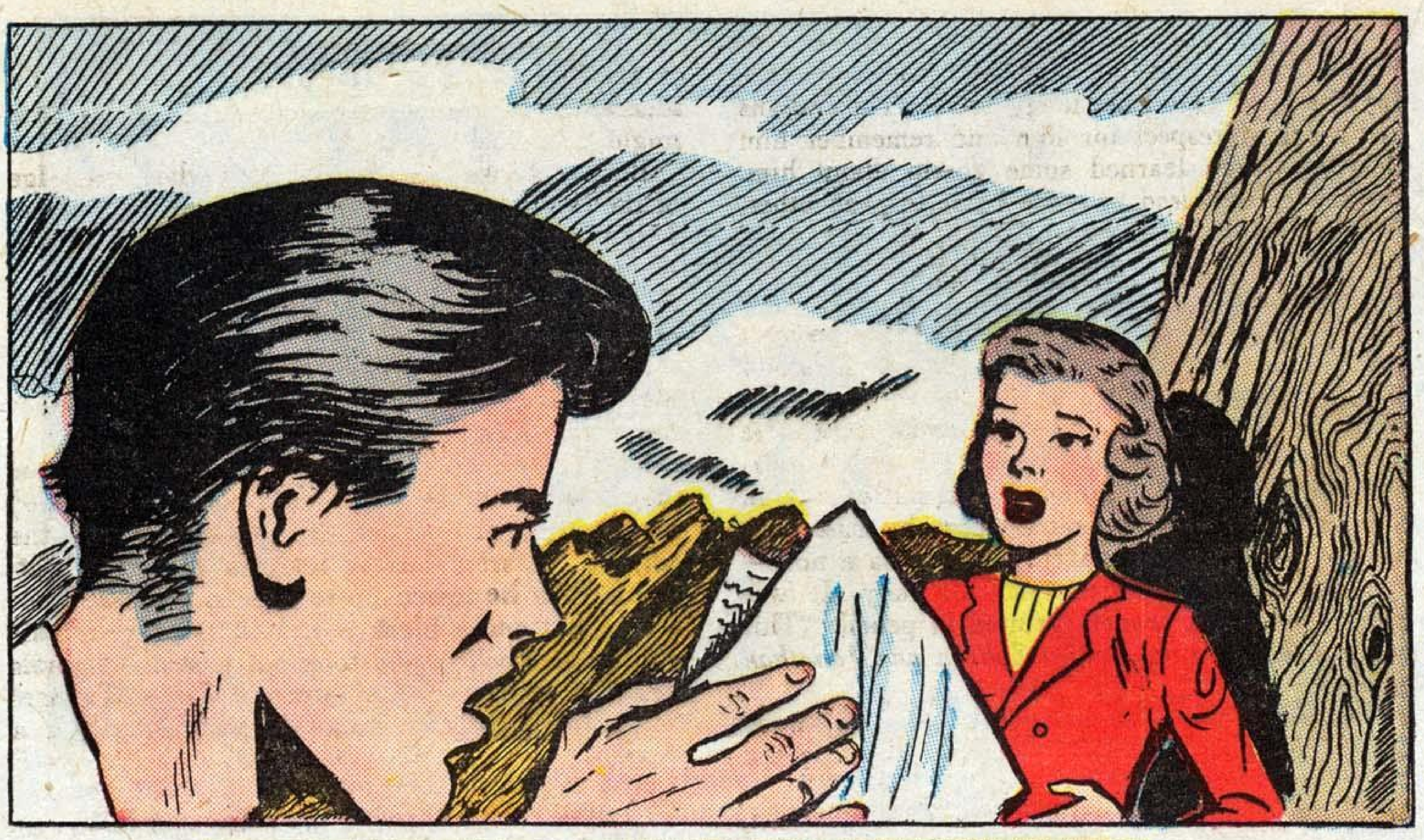

YOU SEE I WAS HELPLESS! JANIE WAS HAVING HER FIRST TASTE OF BIG CITY LIFE AND IT THRILLED HER!
POOR SWEET JANIE! YOU DON'T BELIEVE ANYONE COULD HAVE A SINGLE DISHONEST THOUGHT--DO YOU?


THE FOLLOWING WEEK HAL REID WAS AT THE STABLES WHEN I ARRIVED...
SAY, YOU WOULDN'T BE KIDDING ME ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO RIDE -- WOULD YOU?
HA, HA! MAYBE I WAS, HAL! OH, WHAT A LOVELY VIEW! LET'S SIT HERE AWHILE!
YOU'RE A FUNNY GIRL, JOAN! TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF! WHERE DO YOU LIVE? WHAT DO YOU DO?
OH, LET'S JUST SAY I'M A VISITOR IN TOWN!
I ALWAYS LIKE SHOWING VISITING FIREMEN AROUND! SUPPOSE WE BEGIN WITH THE RACES THIS AFTERNOON!
SOUNDS WONDERFUL! MAYBE I CAN WIN ENOUGH MONEY TO STAY IN TOWN FOR A YEAR!
IT WAS EVEN EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE TO WIN HAL REID OVER! FOR THE NEXT WEEK WE WENT TO THE RACES EVERY DAY...
COME ON, BLUE GIRL! COME ON!
SHE'S HOME, JOAN! THAT'S ANOTHER WINNING TICKET FOR YOU!
WHEEE! OH, THIS IS SO MUCH FUN, HAL! WHAT HORSE DO WE PLAY NEXT?
WHOA! DON'T GET TOO GREEDY, DARLING! REMEMBER I CAN'T PICK THEM EVERY TIME!
WIN
MY SLY SCHEME HAD SUCCEEDED -- NOW I KNEW HAL LOVED ME! BUT SUDDENLY I WAS SHOCKED! TO MY HORROR I DISCOVERED WE WERE *REALLY HAVING FUN* TOGETHER!
HAL, I--I THINK WE'D BETTER LEAVE!
LEAVE?
3


WELL, I CERTAINLY FELL IN LOVE WITH A BUNDLE OF TEMPERAMENT! ONE SECOND YOU'RE HAVING A GAY TIME, AND THE NEXT...
PLEASE, HAL! IT'S JUST THAT-- WELL, MAYBE IT'S TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT!
TO TRAC
THAT NIGHT I TRIED TO MAKE SENSE WITH MYSELF! WHAT KIND OF A FOOL WAS I TO FALL INTO THE SAME TRAP JANIE HAD?
NO DATE WITH HAL REID TONIGHT, JANIE?
NOPE! I GUESS HE'S BEEN VERY BUSY LATELY!
WELL, I'VE WON! HAL HAS TOSSED JANIE OVER! AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DROP HIM! I MUSTN'T BE A FOOL! HE'S JUST A CHEAP CROOKED GAMBLER!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON I VISITED HAL AT HIS FARM TO BREAK THINGS OFF...TO TELL HIM WHAT I THOUGHT OF HIM!
HAL, LET'S SIT ON THE TERRACE--I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!
SURE, BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW YOU MY STRING OF HORSES!
THIS IS WINSOME POLLY! SHE'S HAD QUITE AN INTERESTING LIFE! ONE YEAR SHE WAS EVEN DOPED TO WIN!
DOPED! BUT THAT'S ILLEGAL--ISN'T IT?
YES, JOAN! AND I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT BEFORE YOU HEARD IT FROM OTHER SOURCES! MY FATHER TRIED FOR YEARS TO WIN A BIG FEATURE RACE! BUT HE NEVER COULD!


THEN TWO YEARS AGO, JUST BEFORE HE DIED, HE DOPED WINSOME POLLY! SHE WON ALL RIGHT--BUT THERE WAS QUITE A MESS! I THOUGHT IT BEST TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR IT!
OH, HAL--NO!
YOU SEE, DAD WAS DYING, AND...
HAL, DON'T SAY ANY MORE! PLEASE! JUST DON'T SPEAK!
MY HEART COULD HAVE BURST WITH SHAME WHEN HAL TOLD ME! MY MEDDLING WITH LOVE HAD SHATTERED MY BEST FRIEND'S ROMANCE AND MADE ME A TRAITOR! HAL WAS JUST AS FINE A MAN AS JANIE BELIEVED HE WAS!
JOAN, WAIT! DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?
I KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO--TELL JANIE EVERYTHING AND LEAVE! SOMEHOW, IN SOME WAY, I WOULD DRIVE MY OWN LOVE FOR HAL AWAY!
INK
Dear Janie, When you read this, I will be gone but I want you to know everything.
A TICKET TO HARLAND, PLEASE!
TO BUSES
TICKETS
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGET HIM, JOAN! YOU WERE NEVER ENTITLED TO HIM FROM THE BEGINNING!
5


YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I ARRIVED AT HARLAND, TO FIND...
JANIE!
THANK HEAVENS YOU WERE ON THIS BUS, JOAN!
DIDN'T YOU GET MY LETTER?
YES, YES I DID--YOU SILLY DARLING! GO INSIDE, JOAN--HE'S WAITING!
WAITING RO
HAL!
JANIE THOUGHT YOU'D COME HERE, DARLING! SO WE FLEW UP! SHE'S TOLD ME EVERYTHING, MY SWEET!
AND YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING COMPLETELY MIXED UP! JANIE AND I ARE ONLY FRIENDS, YOU LITTLE FOOL!
FRIENDS! WHY I...
YOO HOO, FOLKS!
MY DATE IS WAITING FOR ME AT THE BUS STATION! SEE YOU SOON!
SO LONG, JANIE!
GOODBYE, JANIE! AND THANKS!
6
I'M ALMOST GLAD THIS ALL HAPPENED, MYSTERY GIRL! DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I MET YOUR FAMILY?
OH YES, HAL--YES I DO! MY HOME IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, DARLING! BUT LET'S WALK THERE--IT'S SUCH A WONDERFUL NIGHT!
THE END



"This is the final warning. Forget old man Zebron!" it read.

ment, Daddy asked me why I wanted to know. "He might be able to tell me something about Zebron, the hermit," I explained.

"What strange assignments they give school kids nowadays," he said. "Try the Court House," he suggested. "If the man ever owned any property here. they'll have a record."

Next morning, Terry and I went to the Court House. We were shown into a room lined with bookcases and told to amuse ourselves. Starting with the 1948 volumes, we searched the indexes back to 1880 without any luck. "It seems obvious Mr. Greene isn't a property holder in Stanwich," Terry said. "Shall we try something else?"

I couldn't think of any other leads. "Let's do another ten years, anyway," I said.

In a dusty volume labeled 1870 we found it! I pointedly excitedly to the name in the index, and we turned to the page indicated. A folded scrap of paper was in the page, but we pushed it aside and read: "Jonathan Greene, a good friend of the Indians, purchased the land for his farm from them in 1868. The property is bounded by Stanwich Creek, the Ohio Post Road, and Judson's boundary line as far as the oak tree. The farm was sold to Milton Blake this year."

"Milton Blake—my *grandfather*!" I exclaimed. "Greene owned our property before we did."

Terry didn't answer. White-faced, he was looking at the scrap of paper from the book. In crude penciled printing was the message: "Warning! The hermit Zebron is dead, and his past is best forgotten. Drop this search!"

"What does it mean?" I asked shakily.

"My guess is that Mr. Greene is not such a good friend of old Zebron after all."

"You have the will, but maybe Mr. Greene knows where the money is and wants a chance to get it first."

"He must have heard we were looking for him and thinks we're after the money," Terry said.

"What will we do?"

"Greene must be a doddering old fool by now," Terry said. "I'm not afraid of him. The book says he was a friend of the Indians, so I'll speak to Red Hatchet up at the reservation. He's old enough to remember that far back."

I had an idea, too. "The first newspaper in town started in 1870. I'll go through the early issues and see if he's mentioned."

"Promise me you'll go straight home afterward and be careful," Terry said. In the hall we heard footsteps and caught a fleeting glimpse of a man turning a corner. I was sure he was wearing a blue suit . . .

The library had preserved a complete set of the town's early paper. In those days it was little more than a weekly handbill and was quick to read. Most of the news was concerned with the menace of Indian attacks. I found a reference to Mr. Greene almost immediately. It told about the sale of his farm to Milton Blake. Grandfather wasn't popular, for he had fought with the South during the Civil War and the Stanwich people had been Northern sympathizers. A few issues later the paper told how grandfather had been responsible for placating the Indians, and the attitude toward him changed. Another, and final, notation about Mr. Greene appeared in 1871. He joined an Illinois wagon train headed for the gold fields in California. Why had he returned after all those years?

"I'm beginning to get a clearer picture of Greene," Terry said next morning. "In his younger days he must have been fairly decent. The Indians had a lot of respect for him and remember him clearly. I even learned some gossip about him. He and a lady used to write notes to each other, hiding them in an oak tree."

"That must be the boundary tree, *our* tree," I said. "Let's investigate."

The oak no longer marked a boundary because the orchards had spread far beyond it. It stood now, easily discernible, in the acres of bright blossoms. After scraping away moss from the huge gnarled roots of the tree, we found a rock-lined cavity. Terry reached in and pulled out an old metal box, almost eaten apart by rust. The ancient padlock was broken. Inside was a note—but not from Mr. Greene to his lady. It was another warning, crudely printed in pencil: "This is the final warning. *Forget Zebron and Jonathan Greene.*"

My hands shook as I handed Terry the note. "I'm frightened," I said. "Do you suppose the money was here, and Mr. Greene has it now?"

"Why would Zebron hide it here?" Terry said. "Someone thinks we're looking for something else. I'd like to know what it is."

"Let me tell my father about it," I pleaded. "We can show him the will, and he can have the police investigate the whole thing."

"First I want to look at the place where Zebron died," Terry said. "He fell down a bank into a ditch beside the road. If there's any evidence of foul play we'll have something to tell the police."

In the forest again, Terry's sharp eyes picked up the faint trail which Zebron had made a week before. We proceeded slowly. "Look for footprints," Terry said. "The old man was wearing moccasins so his wouldn't show. Someone else might have met him here."

But finally we came to the place where the edge of the bank had crumbled and Zebron had fallen. Terry studied the ground, biting his lips. "It was an accident all right," he said finally. "There's no evidence that anyone was around, and this setup isn't faked."

Terry crawled cautiously to the edge and peered over. Suddenly he beckoned frantically. "Down there!" he said, pointing.

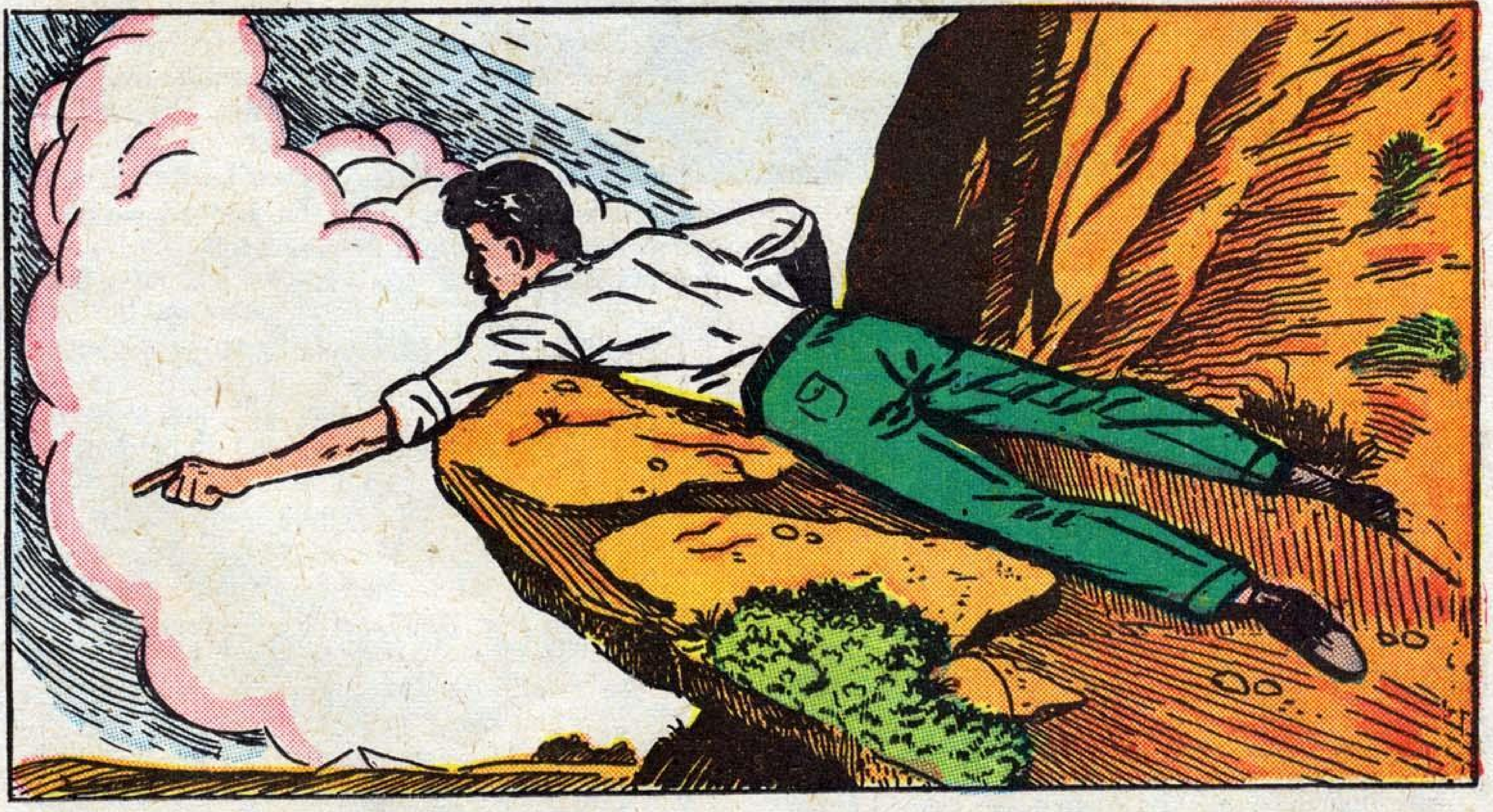
Half-hidden in the bushes, I saw the corner of what looked like a brown box. Terry grasped the branches of a willow tree and swung over the edge. The parted bushes revealed a leather suitcase, which he tossed up to me. In the case were a blue suit and a black wig. I felt a bulge in one of the suit pockets and took out a small chamois bag. It held a handful of twenty-dollar gold pieces and a large wad of paper money, altogether a little over five hundred dollars. We sat back and looked at each other.

"Zebron was carrying the suitcase when he fell," Terry said.

"Then *he* must have been Jonathan Greene!"

Terry nodded. "I suppose he got too old to catch food, so he began buying it. For some reason he didn't want his double identity known. Maybe he *was* a little cracked and didn't know quite who he was."

I was thinking of the young Jonathan Greene saying that he was going on the wagon train to California, then hiding up on Mt. Zebron instead.



He crawled cautiously to the edge. "Down there!" he said, beckoning frantically.

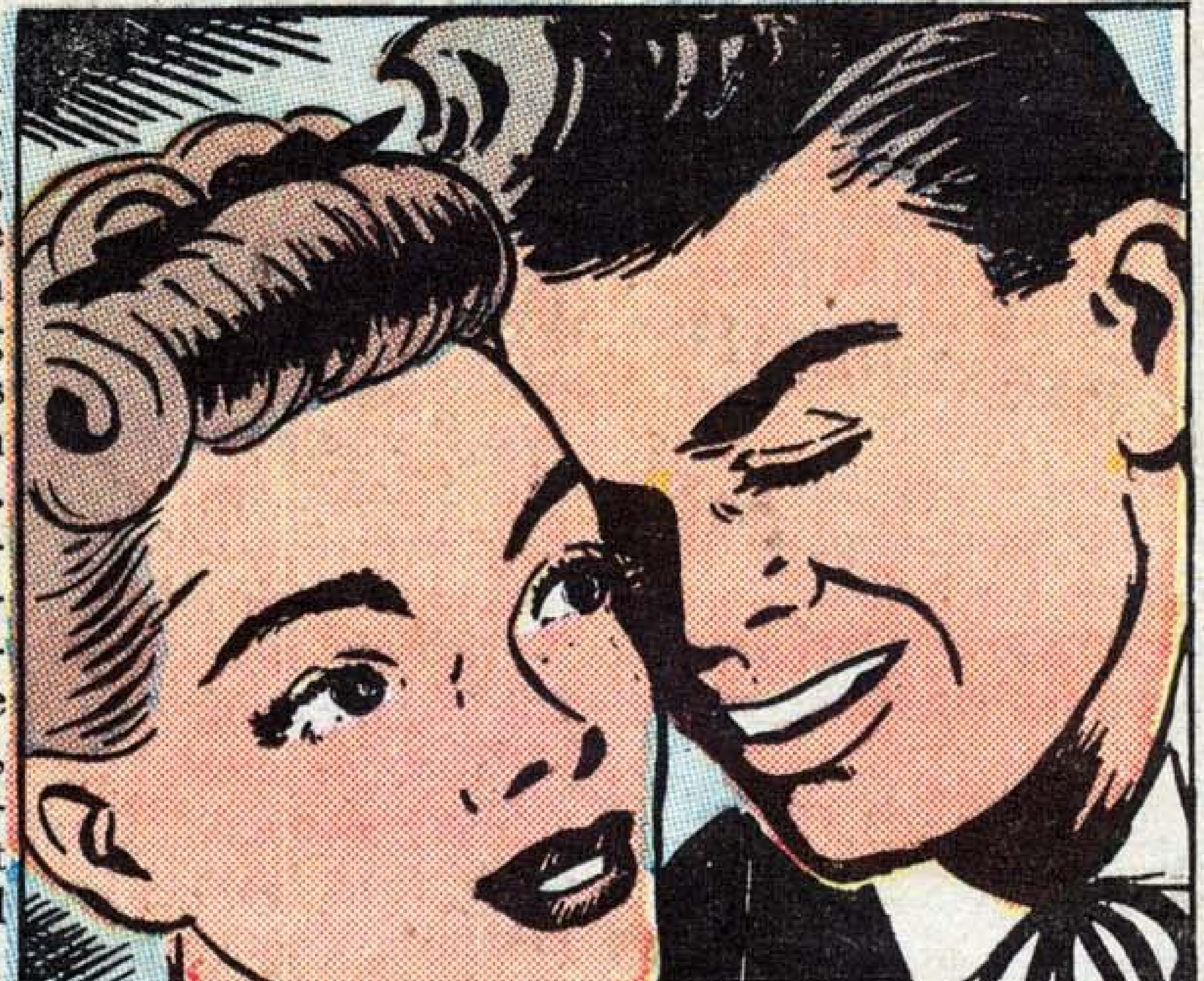
He must have been there for over seventy years, and he didn't come down until everyone had forgotten him.

"But then who wrote those notes?"

We looked at each other speechlessly. I think that I began to suspect a bit of the truth then. "Terry, dear," I said, "I don't know what you were planning to do about the costume ball tomorrow night, but now I don't want you to go."

"I am going," he said quietly.

Had he guessed something too? "I'll pick you up in my car at seven," I said.



"I would probably become a hermit too," Terry whispered, "if you threw me over for some Southern stranger."

Next morning, I took my grandmother's ball dress from the trunk in the attic. I was supposed to look a little like Milton Blake's wife, Martha, and the green moiré went well with my brown curls. As I was pressing the gown I came across a small round object in the hidden skirt pocket. It was half a locket, containing a miniature portrait of a sad-faced, dark-haired young man. Some early beau of Martha's, I decided, for the portrait looked nothing at all like the red-headed Milton Blake.

Terry looked extraordinarily handsome in his costume. In the car, I showed him the half-locket I'd found in the dress.

He looked at it curiously. Then he drew from his waistcoat pocket a similar half-locket and put the two pieces together. "This was in Jonathan Greene's suit," he said, handing it to me. His half contained a portrait of Martha.

"So Jonathan Greene loved my grandmother before Milton Blake won her," I said, but neither of us smiled.

We found great-aunt Hester alone in the club dining room, rearranging the table flowers. "Hester!" I said sharply.

She turned quickly and a withered hand fluttered to her lips. "You startled me," she said. "I thought—"

"You thought we were Jonathan Greene and your sister Martha, didn't you?" I said.

She sank slowly into a chair.

"Why did you try to frighten us with those notes?" I asked.

She looked up quickly. At first she seemed about to bluff it out, but then she collapsed. She took a faded letter from her bag. "This was written by Martha to Jonathan, thanking him for his strange wedding present," she said. "Jonathan never got the letter because he never again came to the oak tree. It hadn't occurred to me that the hermit could be Jonathan until you mentioned them together. Then I saw it all. I went through the same search you did and I left those notes to frighten you because—well—it seemed best to let the family keep the townspeople's respect, even if it isn't entirely deserved. But perhaps the truth is better—"

Two hours later, Terry stood beside my father while Daddy made a speech. He told the people how Jonathan Greene had courted Martha, but she had fallen in love with the unpopular stranger, Milton Blake. When Jonathan knew he had lost, he sold his farm to Milton. To insure the prosperity of the couple he gave them the Indian process for the special plums. And to help Milton win the town's respect, Jonathan had given him credit for persuading the Indians not to attack.

"Greene was the man responsible for the town's existence and prosperity," Daddy said in conclusion. "I had felt embarrassed about donating to a statue for my father, but I'd gladly contribute to one for Jonathan Greene."

A murmur from the crowd was followed by a burst of applause. Afterward, Terry told all he knew about the kindly old hermit. I listened proudly, for Terry easily was the best-looking boy there, and I felt the envious glances of the other girls.

On the dance floor, he was stiff and awkward at first, but his natural grace soon showed itself. Beaming happily, he threw himself into it until I had to beg for a rest. "You see now, Terry," I said, as we sipped cokes happily, "that Zebron was a hermit *not* just because he liked the great outdoors."

Terry nodded. "I realize the old coot was awfully romantic and a little foolish," he said. "But I'm just like him. I would probably do the same, if you threw me over for some Southern stranger."

"There'll be no more hermits on Mt. Zebron," I promised.

THE END

miss America FALL

special edition

MISS AMERICA

special edition

MOVIE MAGAZINE SIZE • SLICK PAPER THROUGHOUT

*

The first really different magazine for Girls . . . the answer to so many of your questions-

*

BODY AND SOUL
a doctor speaks frankly

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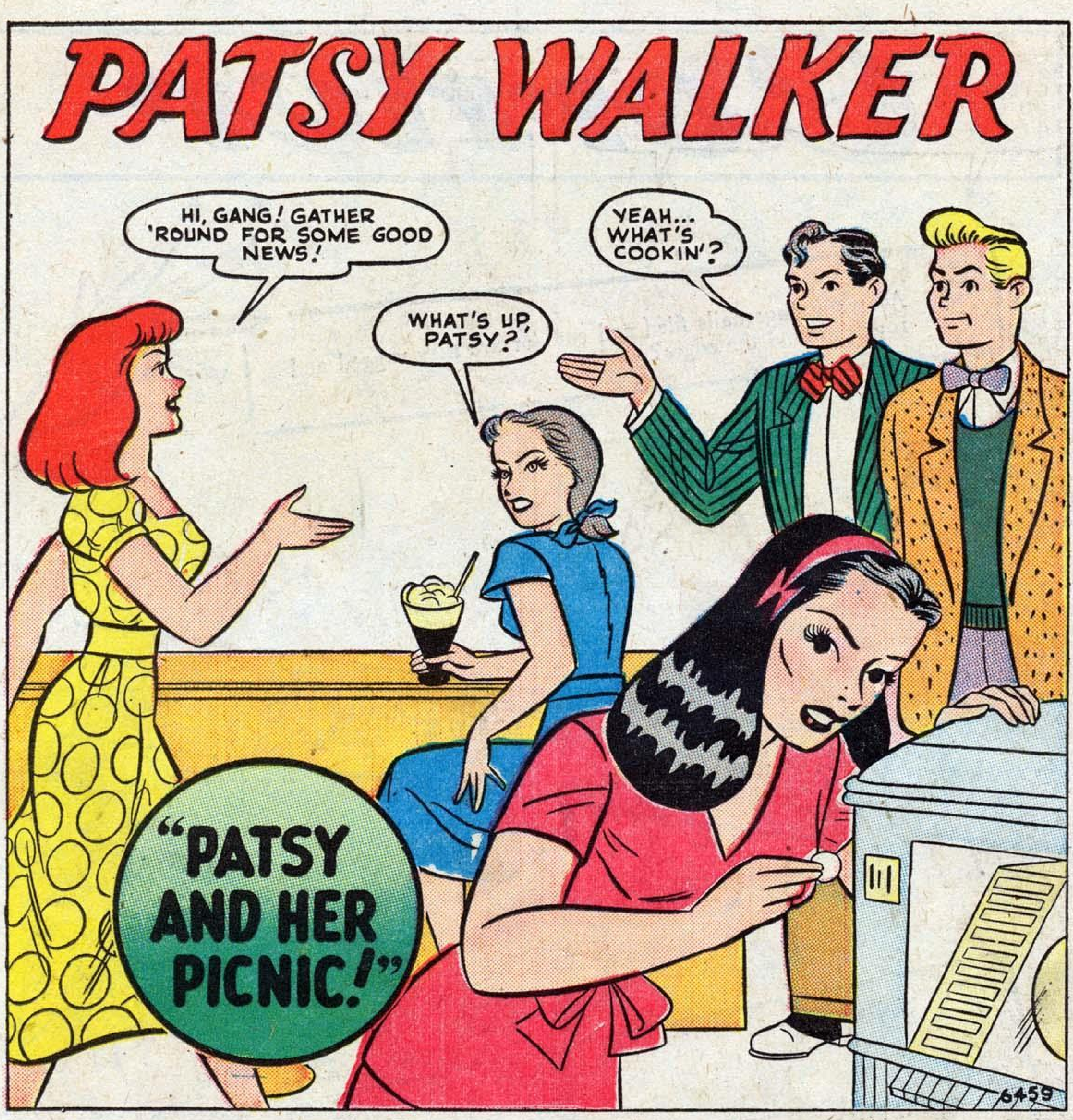
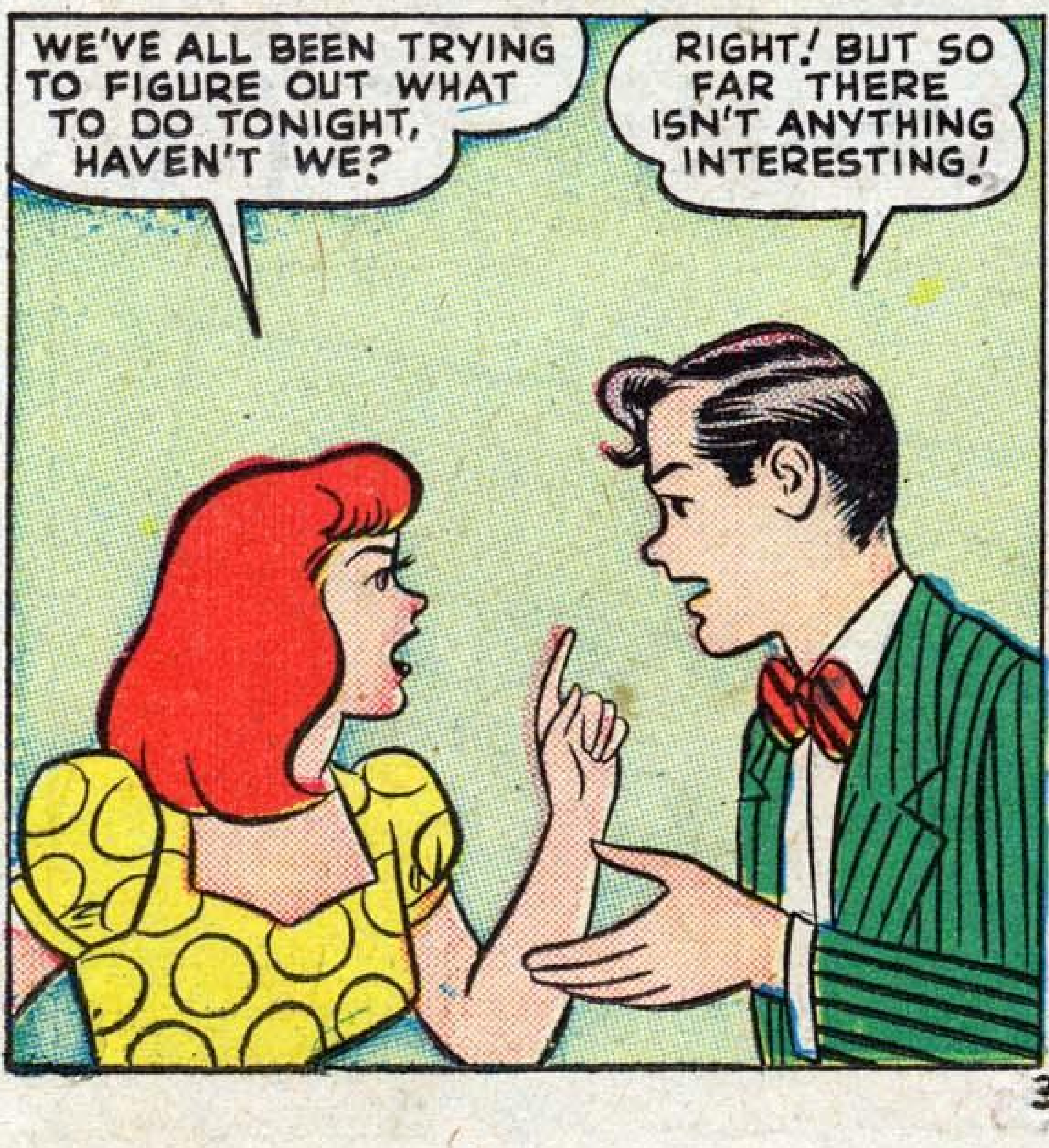
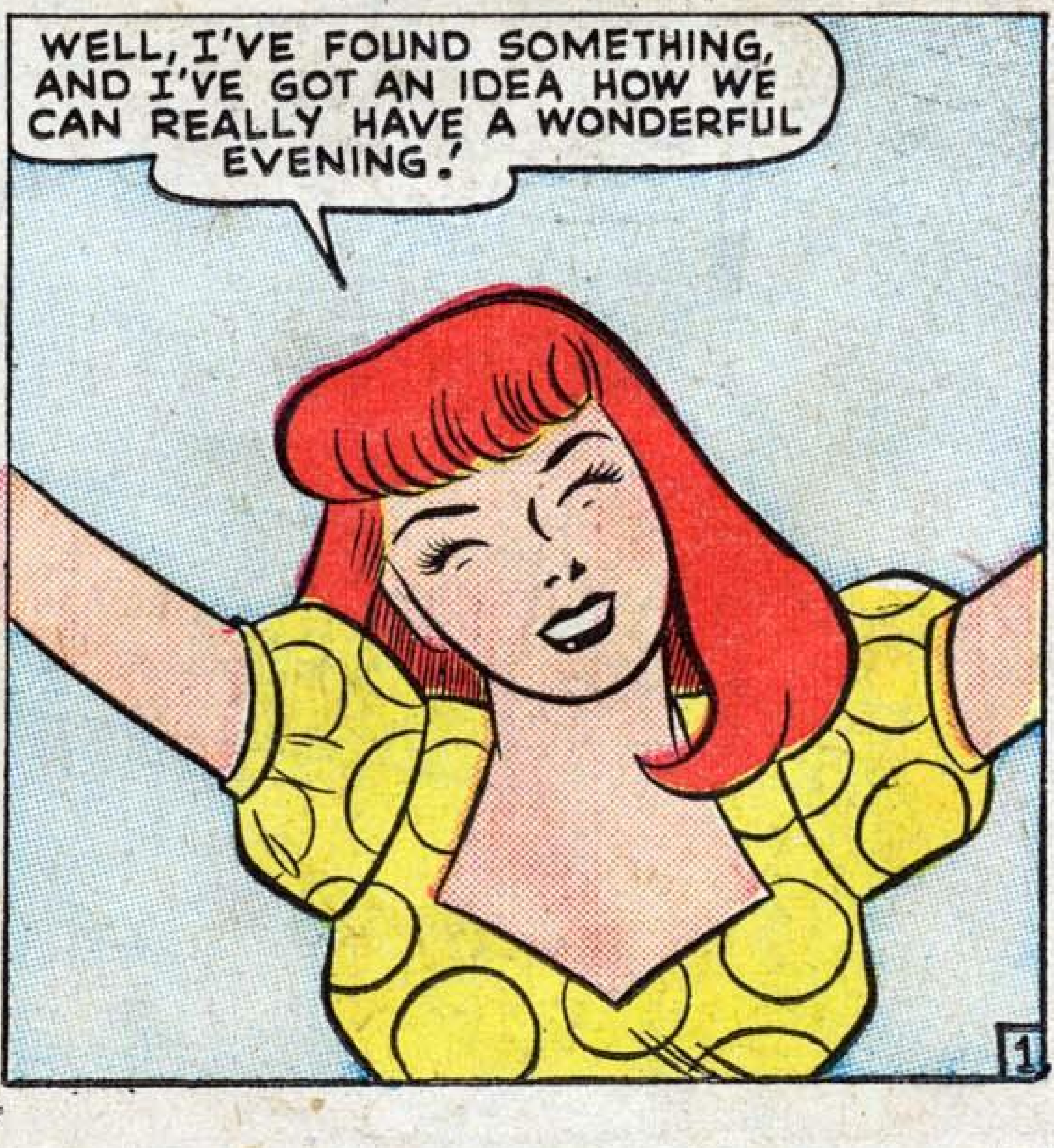
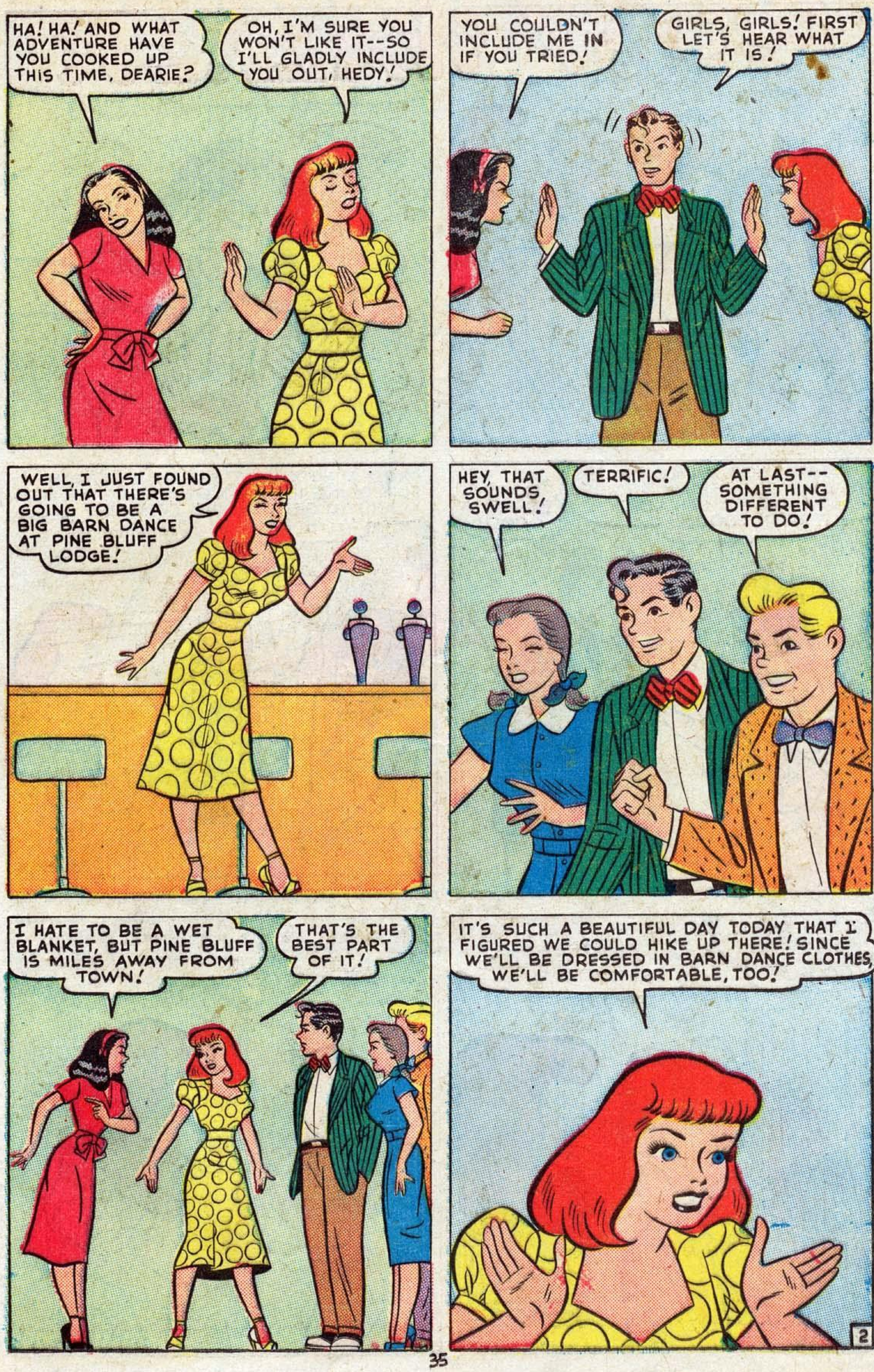
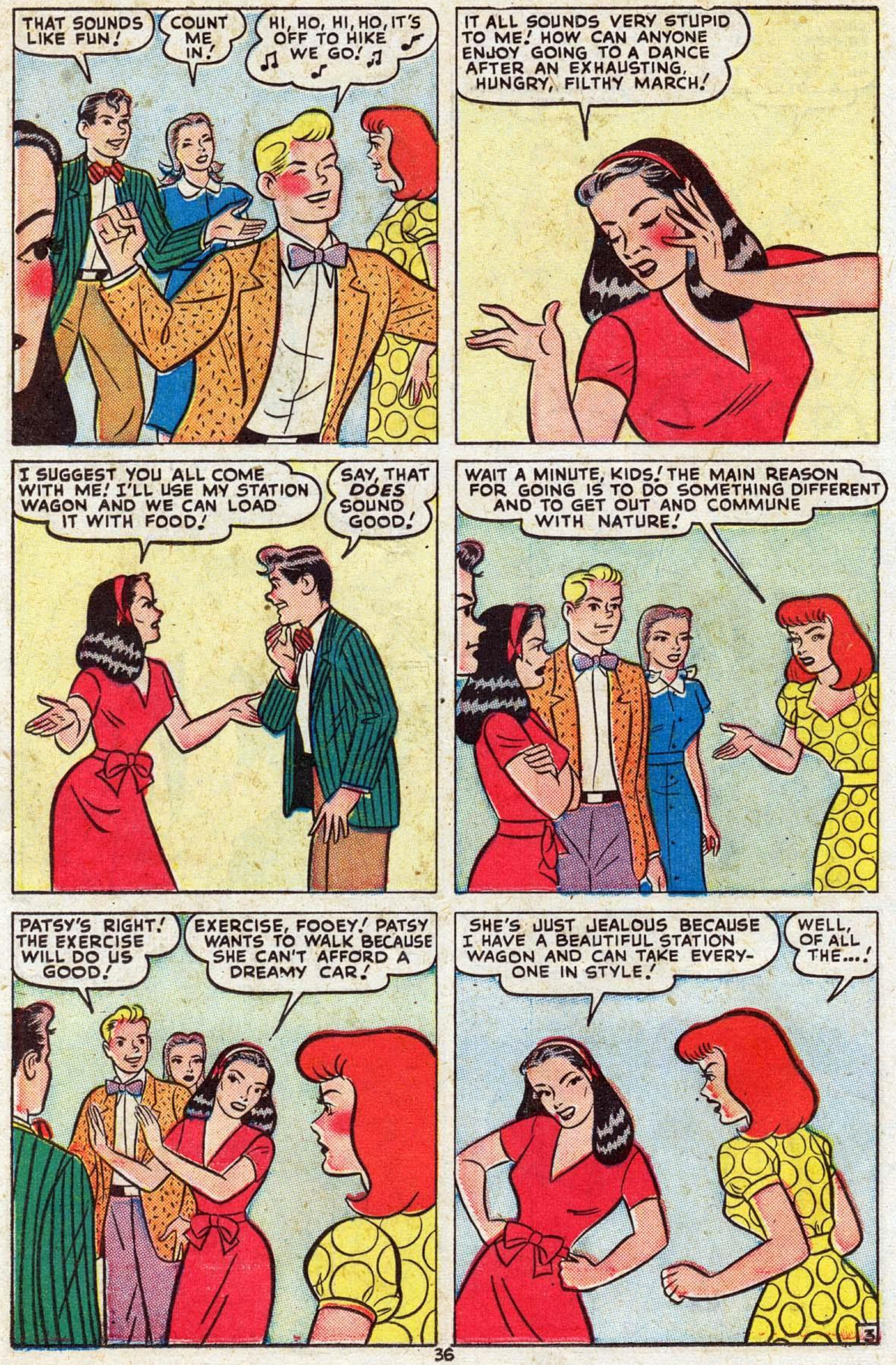
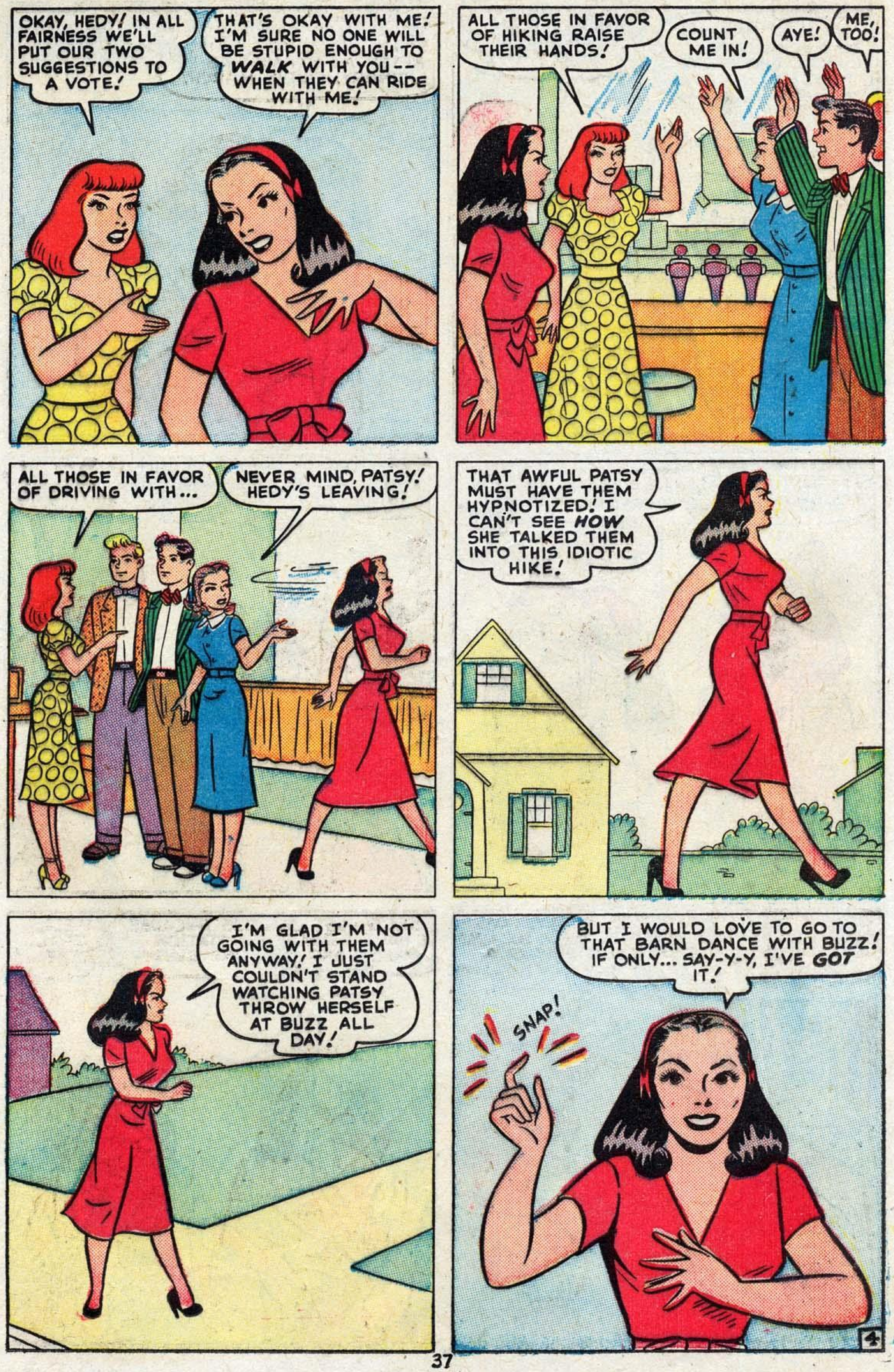

PATSY WALKER
HI, GANG! GATHER 'ROUND FOR SOME GOOD NEWS!
WHAT'S UP, PATSY?
YEAH... WHAT'S COOKIN'?
"PATSY AND HER PICNIC!"
6459

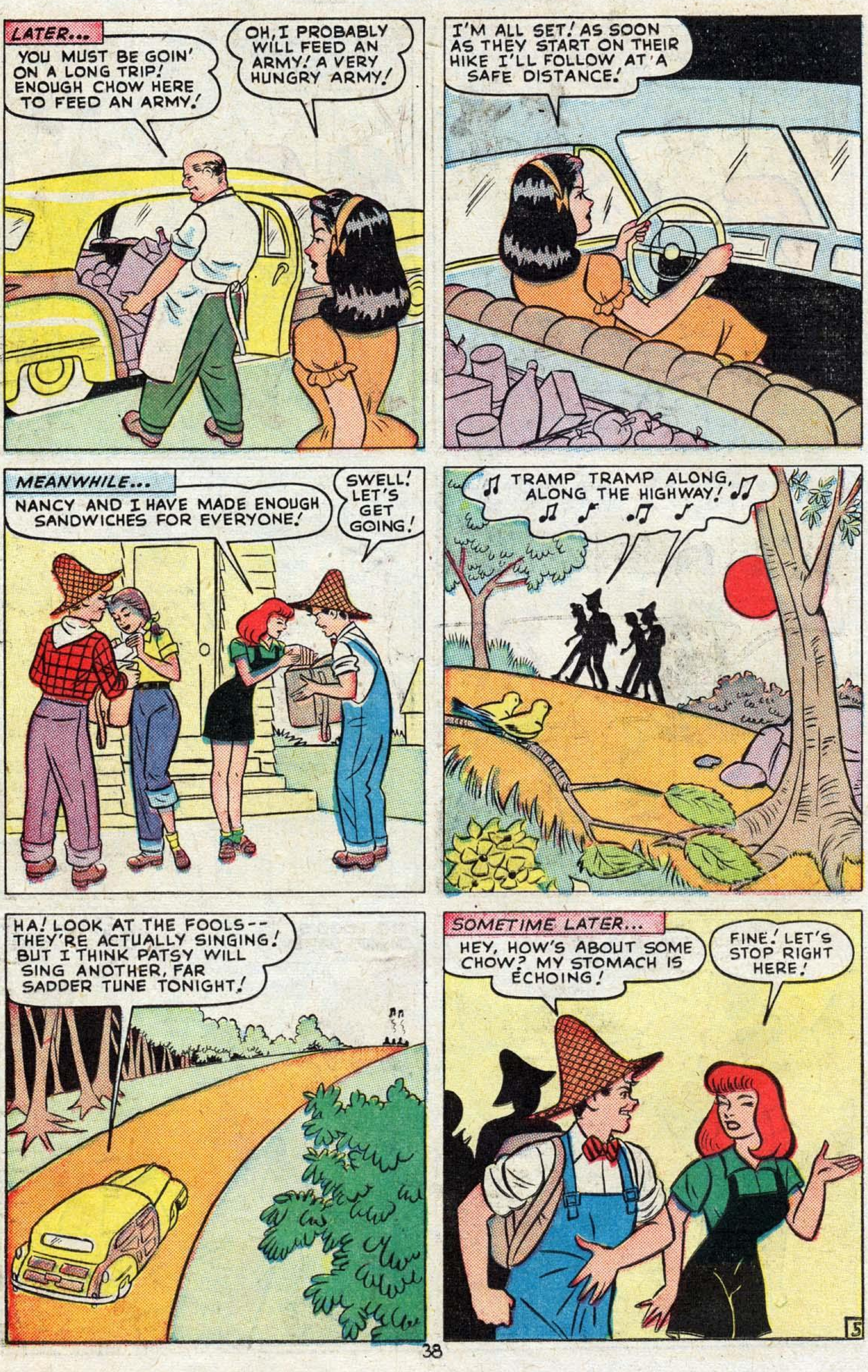

WE'VE ALL BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO TONIGHT, HAVEN'T WE?
RIGHT! BUT SO FAR THERE ISN'T ANYTHING INTERESTING!

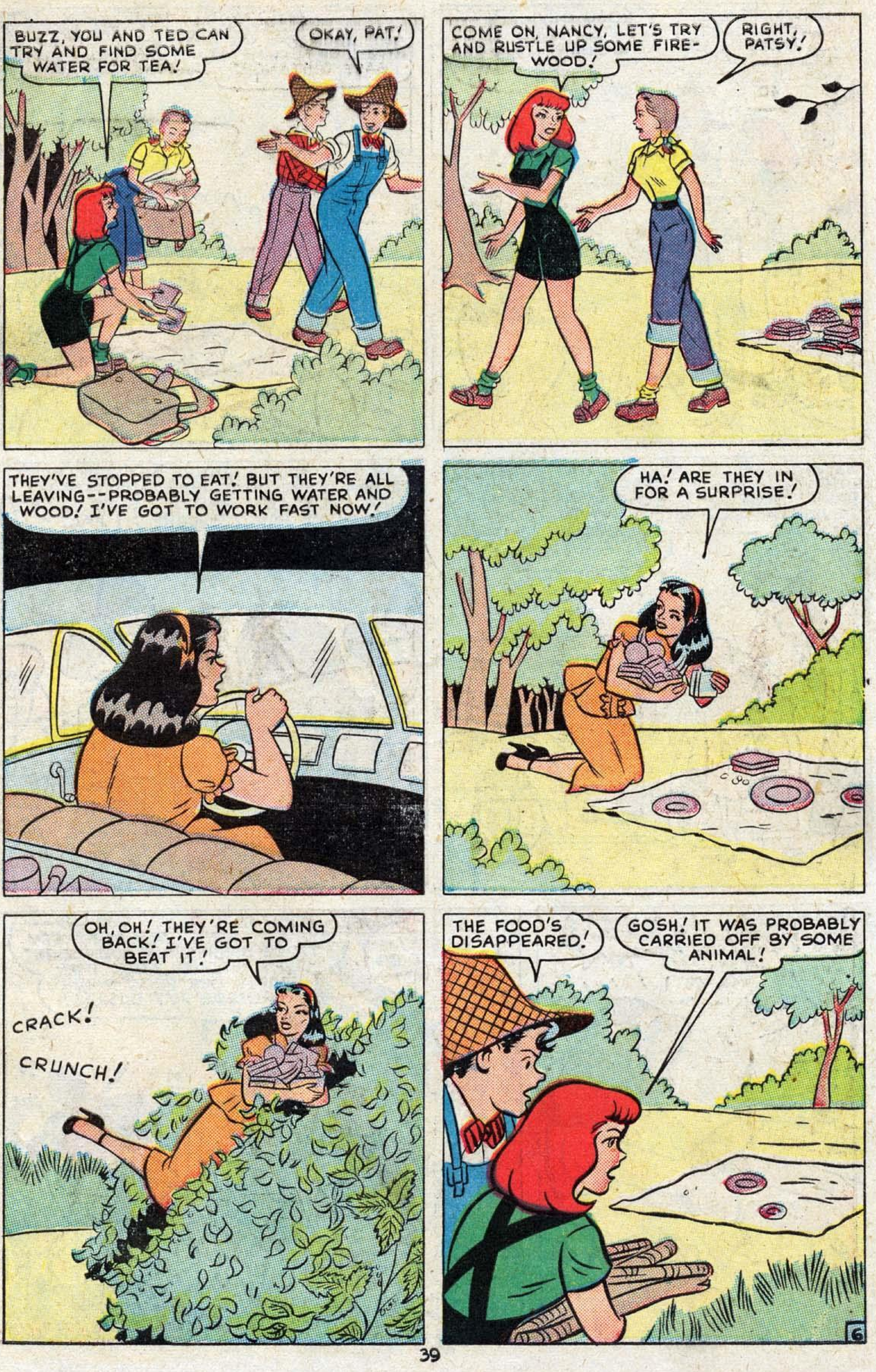

WELL, I'VE FOUND SOMETHING, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW WE CAN REALLY HAVE A WONDERFUL EVENING!
1

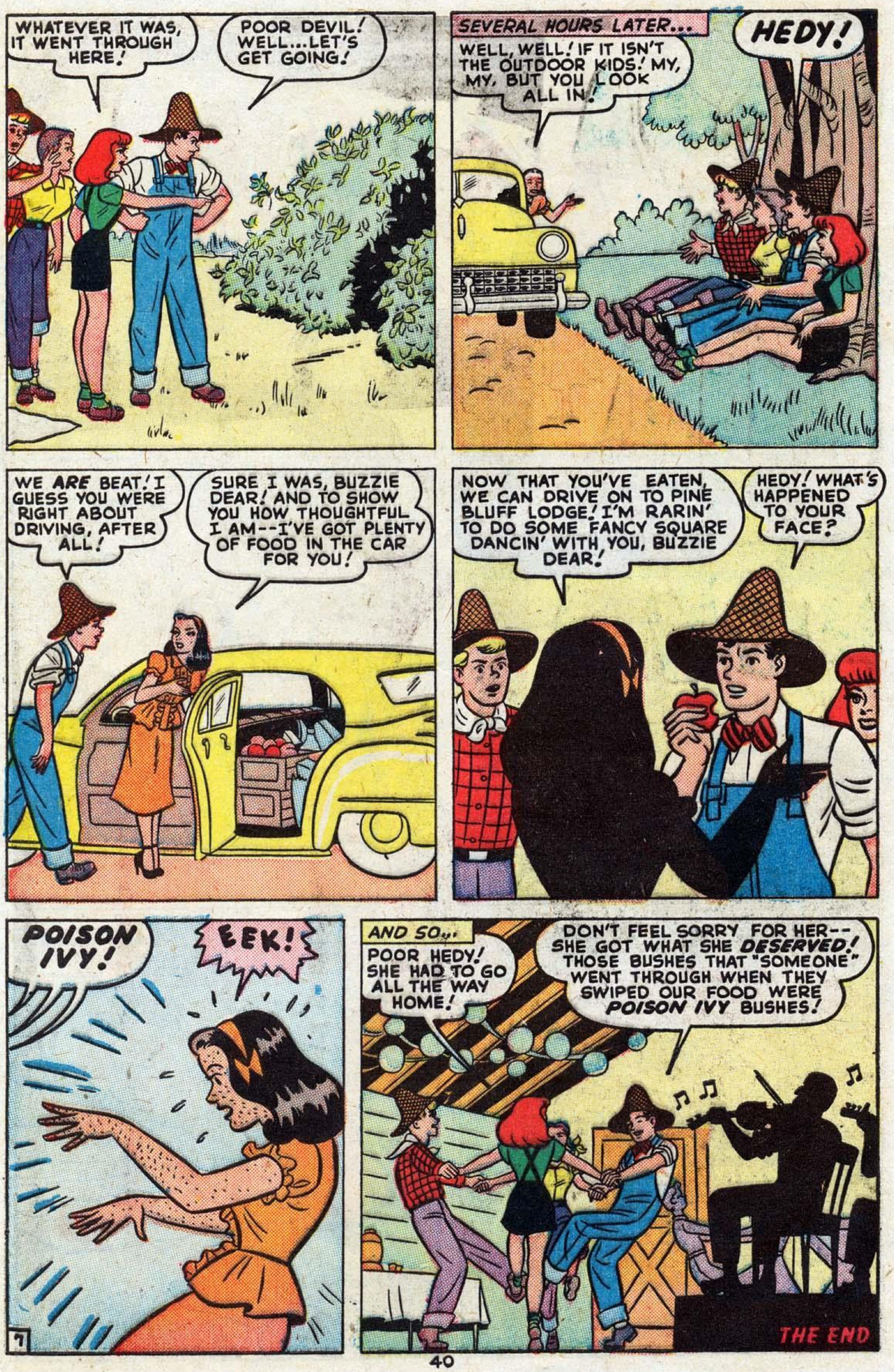

HA! HA! AND WHAT ADVENTURE HAVE YOU COOKED UP THIS TIME, DEARIE?
OH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T LIKE IT--SO I'LL GLADLY INCLUDE YOU OUT, HEDY!
YOU COULDN'T INCLUDE ME IN IF YOU TRIED!
GIRLS, GIRLS! FIRST LET'S HEAR WHAT IT IS!
WELL, I JUST FOUND OUT THAT THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG BARN DANCE AT PINE BLUFF LODGE!
HEY, THAT SOUNDS SWELL!
TERRIFIC!
AT LAST--SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO DO!
I HATE TO BE A WET BLANKET, BUT PINE BLUFF IS MILES AWAY FROM TOWN!
THAT'S THE BEST PART OF IT!
IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY TODAY THAT I FIGURED WE COULD HIKE UP THERE! SINCE WE'LL BE DRESSED IN BARN DANCE CLOTHES, WE'LL BE COMFORTABLE, TOO!
2


THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN!
COUNT ME IN!
HI, HO, HI, HO, IT'S OFF TO HIKE WE GO! ♫ ♫
IT ALL SOUNDS VERY STUPID TO ME! HOW CAN ANYONE ENJOY GOING TO A DANCE AFTER AN EXHAUSTING, HUNGRY, FILTHY MARCH!
I SUGGEST YOU ALL COME WITH ME! I'LL USE MY STATION WAGON AND WE CAN LOAD IT WITH FOOD!
SAY, THAT **DOES** SOUND GOOD!
WAIT A MINUTE, KIDS! THE MAIN REASON FOR GOING IS TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT AND TO GET OUT AND COMMUNE WITH NATURE!
PATSY'S RIGHT! THE EXERCISE WILL DO US GOOD!
EXERCISE, FOOEY! PATSY WANTS TO WALK BECAUSE SHE CAN'T AFFORD A DREAMY CAR!
SHE'S JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL STATION WAGON AND CAN TAKE EVERYONE IN STYLE!
WELL, OF ALL THE...!
3

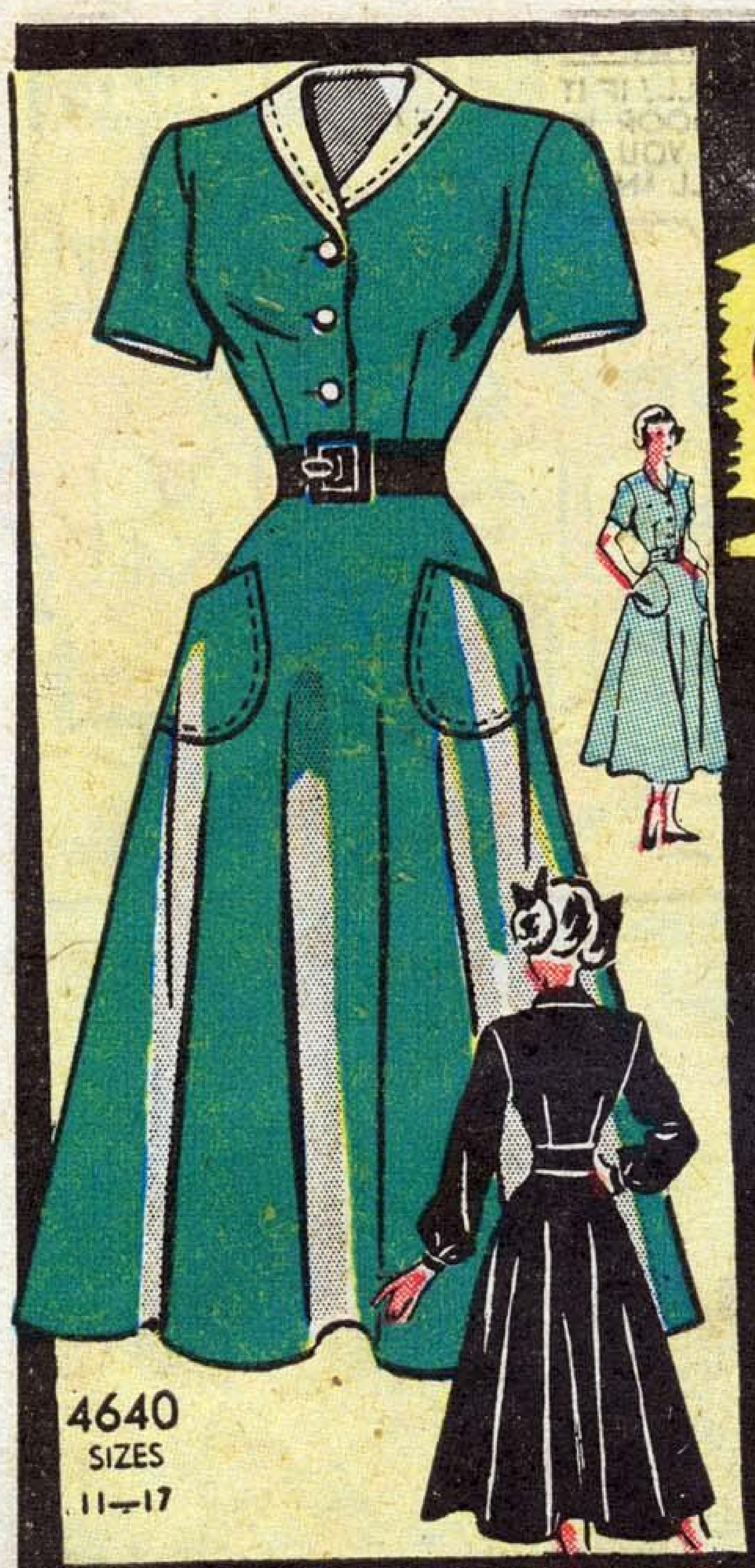

OKAY, HEDY! IN ALL FAIRNESS WE'LL PUT OUR TWO SUGGESTIONS TO A VOTE!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! I'M SURE NO ONE WILL BE STUPID ENOUGH TO *WALK* WITH YOU -- WHEN THEY CAN RIDE WITH ME!
ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF HIKING RAISE THEIR HANDS!
COUNT ME IN!
AYE!
ME, TOO!
ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF DRIVING WITH...
NEVER MIND, PATSY! HEDY'S LEAVING!
THAT AWFUL PATSY MUST HAVE THEM HYPNOTIZED! I CAN'T SEE *HOW* SHE TALKED THEM INTO THIS IDIOTIC HIKE!
I'M GLAD I'M NOT GOING WITH THEM ANYWAY! I JUST COULDN'T STAND WATCHING PATSY THROW HERSELF AT BUZZ ALL DAY!
BUT I WOULD LOVE TO GO TO THAT BARN DANCE WITH BUZZ! IF ONLY... SAY-Y-Y, I'VE *GOT* IT!
SNAP!
4


LATER...
YOU MUST BE GOIN' ON A LONG TRIP! ENOUGH CHOW HERE TO FEED AN ARMY!
OH, I PROBABLY WILL FEED AN ARMY! A VERY HUNGRY ARMY!
I'M ALL SET! AS SOON AS THEY START ON THEIR HIKE I'LL FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE!
MEANWHILE...
NANCY AND I HAVE MADE ENOUGH SANDWICHES FOR EVERYONE!
SWELL! LET'S GET GOING!
♫ TRAMP TRAMP ALONG, ALONG THE HIGHWAY! ♫
HA! LOOK AT THE FOOLS-- THEY'RE ACTUALLY SINGING! BUT I THINK PATSY WILL SING ANOTHER, FAR SADDER TUNE TONIGHT!
SOMETIME LATER...
HEY, HOW'S ABOUT SOME CHOW? MY STOMACH IS ECHOING!
FINE! LET'S STOP RIGHT HERE!
5

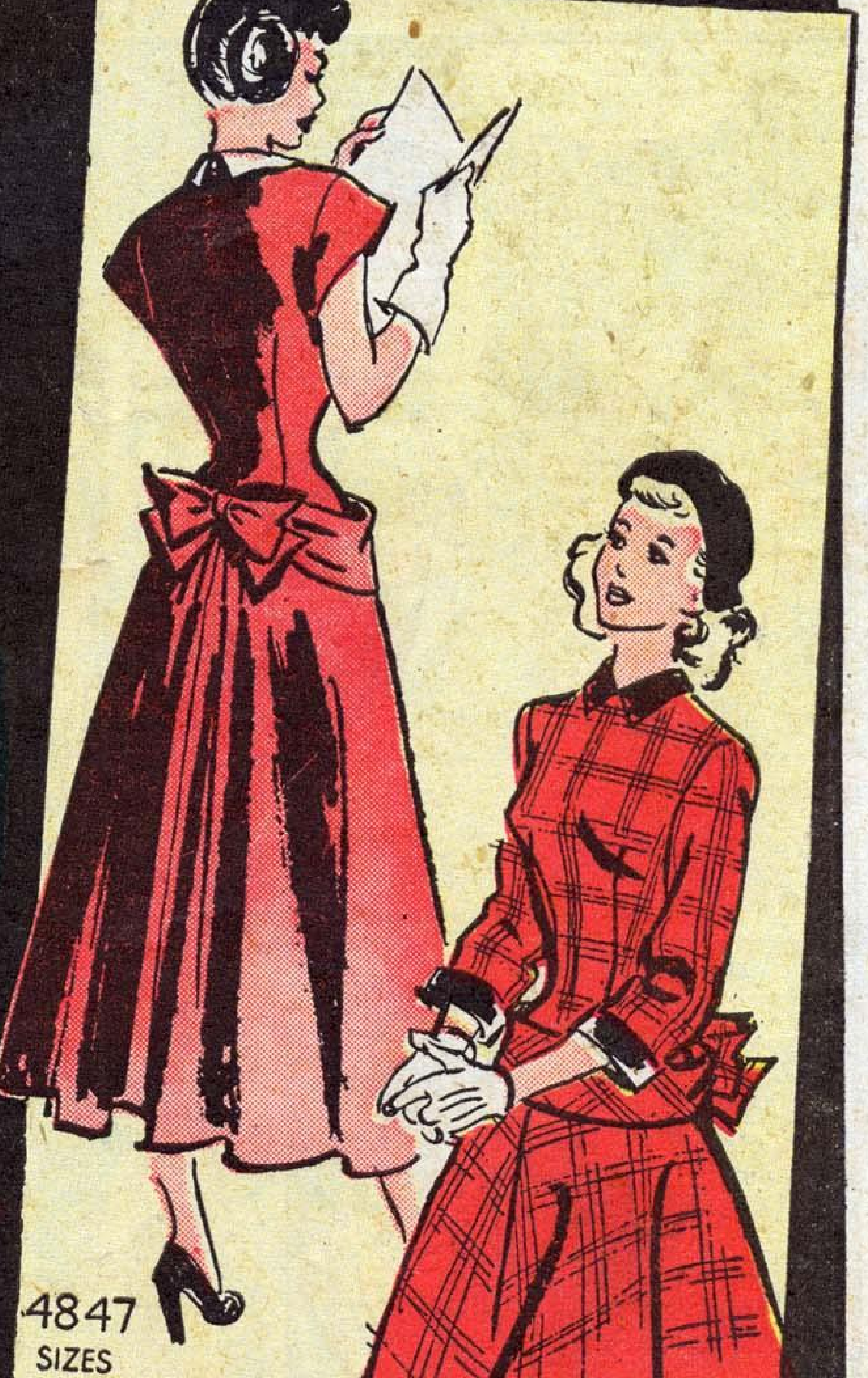

BUZZ, YOU AND TED CAN TRY AND FIND SOME WATER FOR TEA!
OKAY, PAT!
COME ON, NANCY, LET'S TRY AND RUSTLE UP SOME FIREWOOD!
RIGHT, PATSY!
THEY'VE STOPPED TO EAT! BUT THEY'RE ALL LEAVING--PROBABLY GETTING WATER AND WOOD! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST NOW!
HA! ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE!
OH, OH! THEY'RE COMING BACK! I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT!
CRACK!
CRUNCH!
THE FOOD'S DISAPPEARED!
GOSH! IT WAS PROBABLY CARRIED OFF BY SOME ANIMAL!
6


WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WENT THROUGH HERE!
POOR DEVIL! WELL...LET'S GET GOING!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE OUTDOOR KIDS! MY, MY, BUT YOU LOOK ALL IN!
HEDY!
WE *ARE* BEAT! I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT DRIVING, AFTER ALL!
SURE I WAS, BUZZIE DEAR! AND TO SHOW YOU HOW THOUGHTFUL I AM--I'VE GOT PLENTY OF FOOD IN THE CAR FOR YOU!
NOW THAT YOU'VE EATEN, WE CAN DRIVE ON TO PINE BLUFF LODGE! I'M RARIN' TO DO SOME FANCY SQUARE DANCIN' WITH YOU, BUZZIE DEAR!
HEDY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?
POISON IVY!
EEK!
7
AND SO...
POOR HEDY! SHE HAD TO GO ALL THE WAY HOME!
DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR HER--SHE GOT WHAT SHE *DESERVED*! THOSE BUSHES THAT "SOMEONE" WENT THROUGH WHEN THEY SWIPED OUR FOOD WERE *POISON IVY* BUSHES!
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



4640-BE TOPS ON THE HIT PARADE, WITH THIS CASUAL. IT'S A WONDERFUL BACKDROP FOR TRICKY ACCESSORIES AND HAS THE NEW, SMART VICTORIAN COLLAR. COMES IN SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13 REQUIRES 3 1/4 YARDS OF 39-INCH MATERIAL.



4847-YOU'LL ADORE THIS DATE DRESS WITH ITS HIPLINE-CUFF, FLUFFY BOW, AND SOFT PLEATS AT THE BACK OF THE SKIRT! COMES IN JR. MISS SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13, THREE-QUARTER SLEEVE, TAKES 3 3/4 YARDS OF 39-INCH FABRIC; 3/4 OF A YARD OF 35-INCH CONTRASTING MATERIAL.

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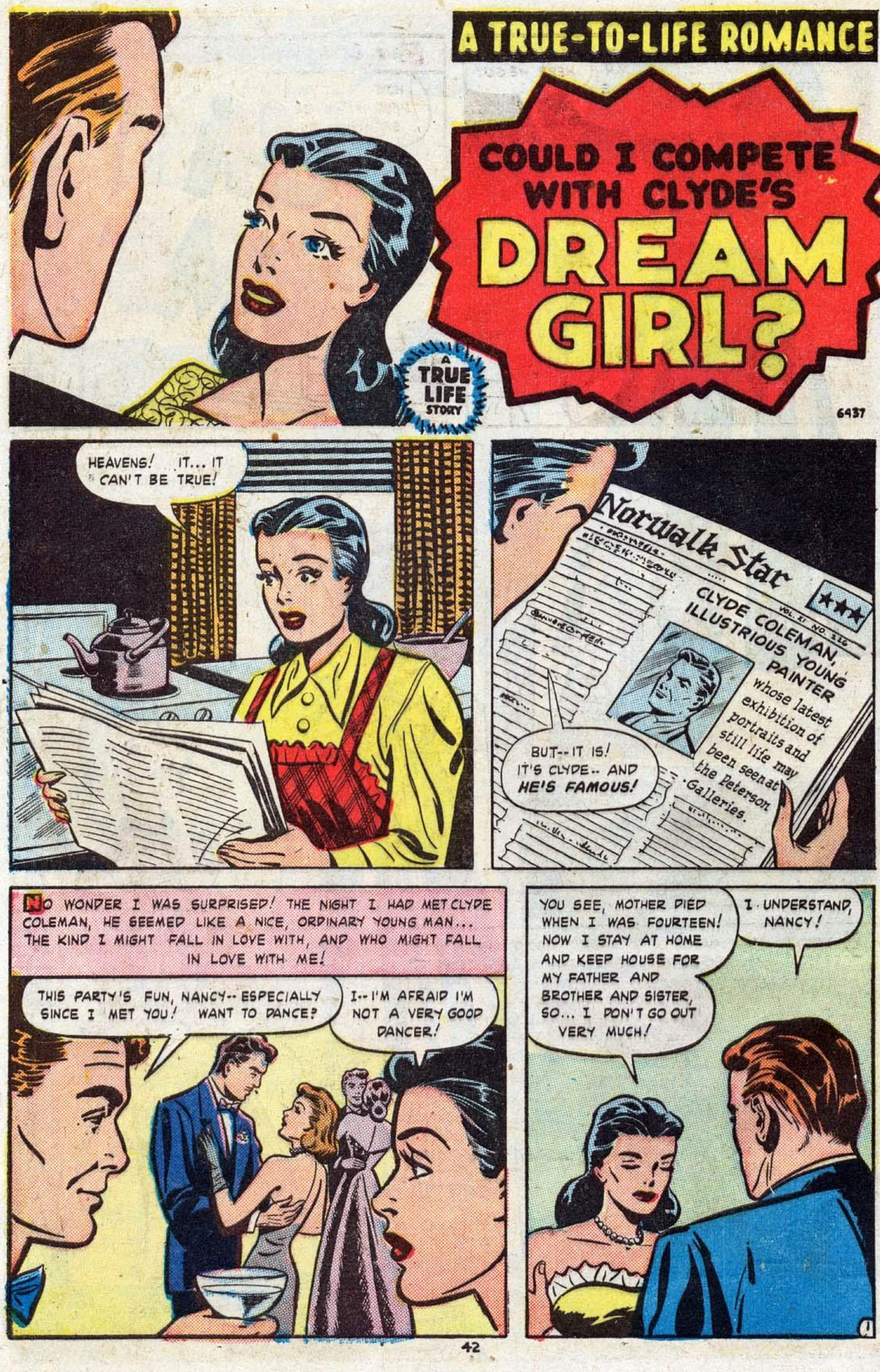
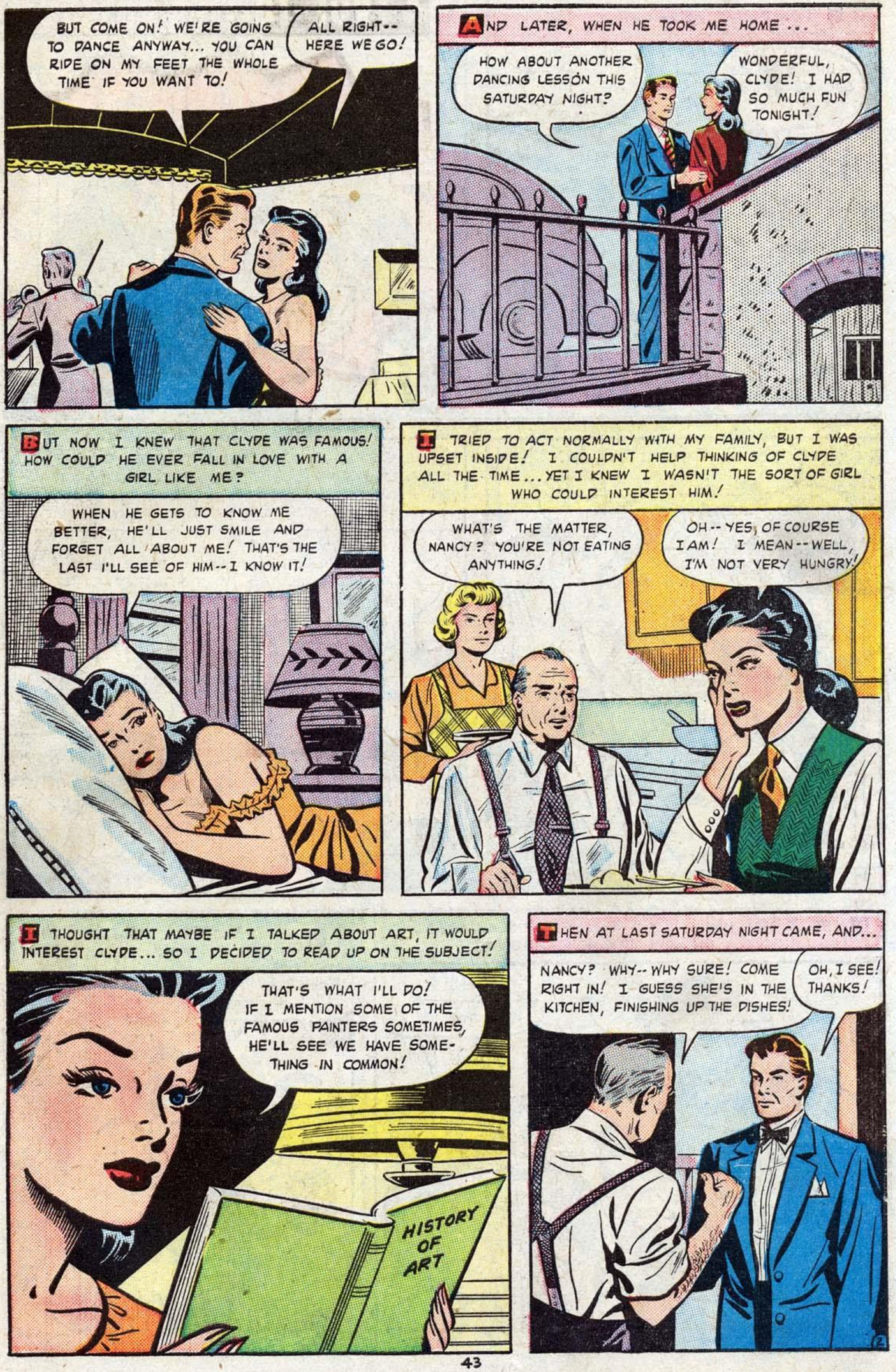
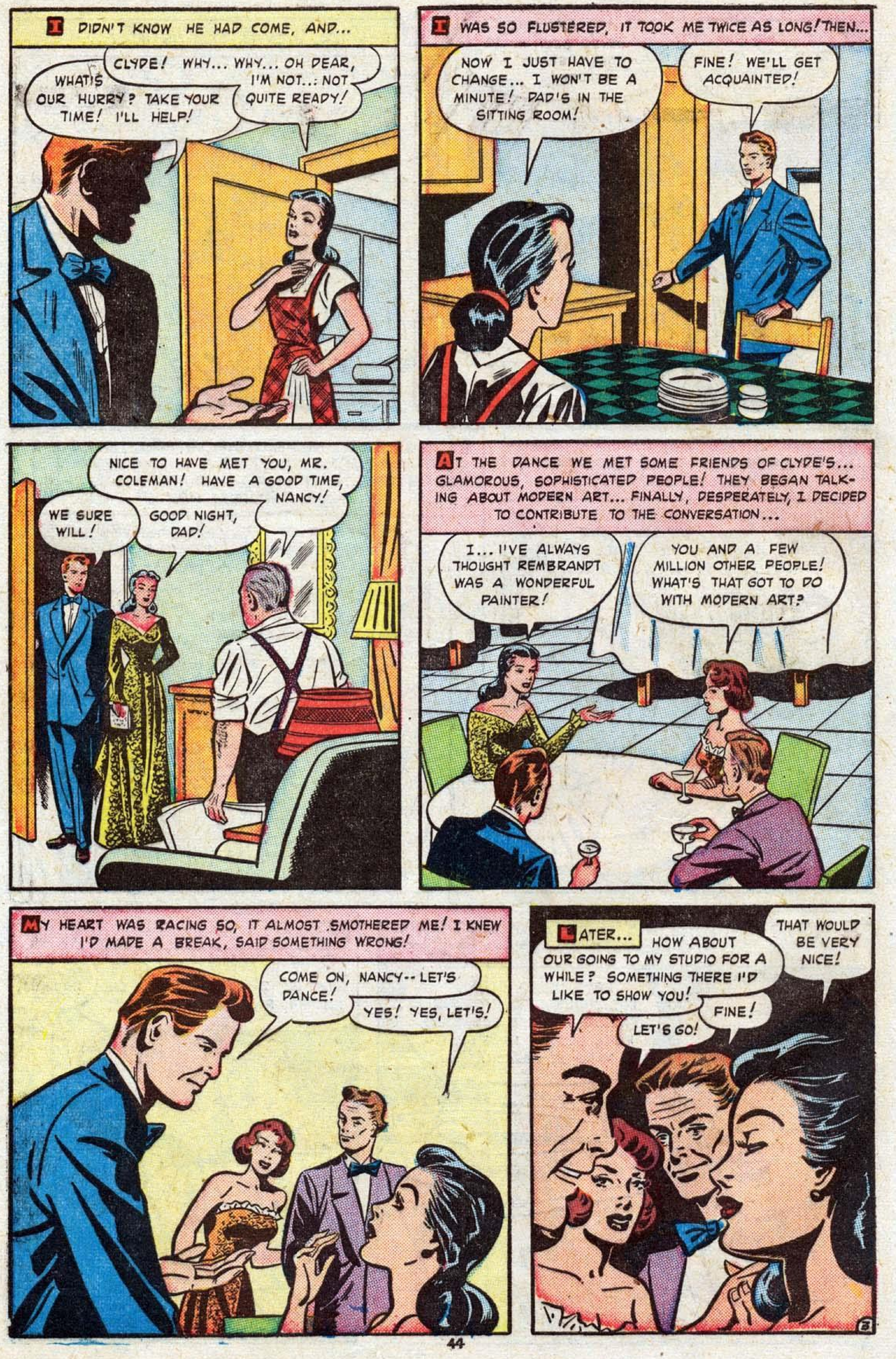
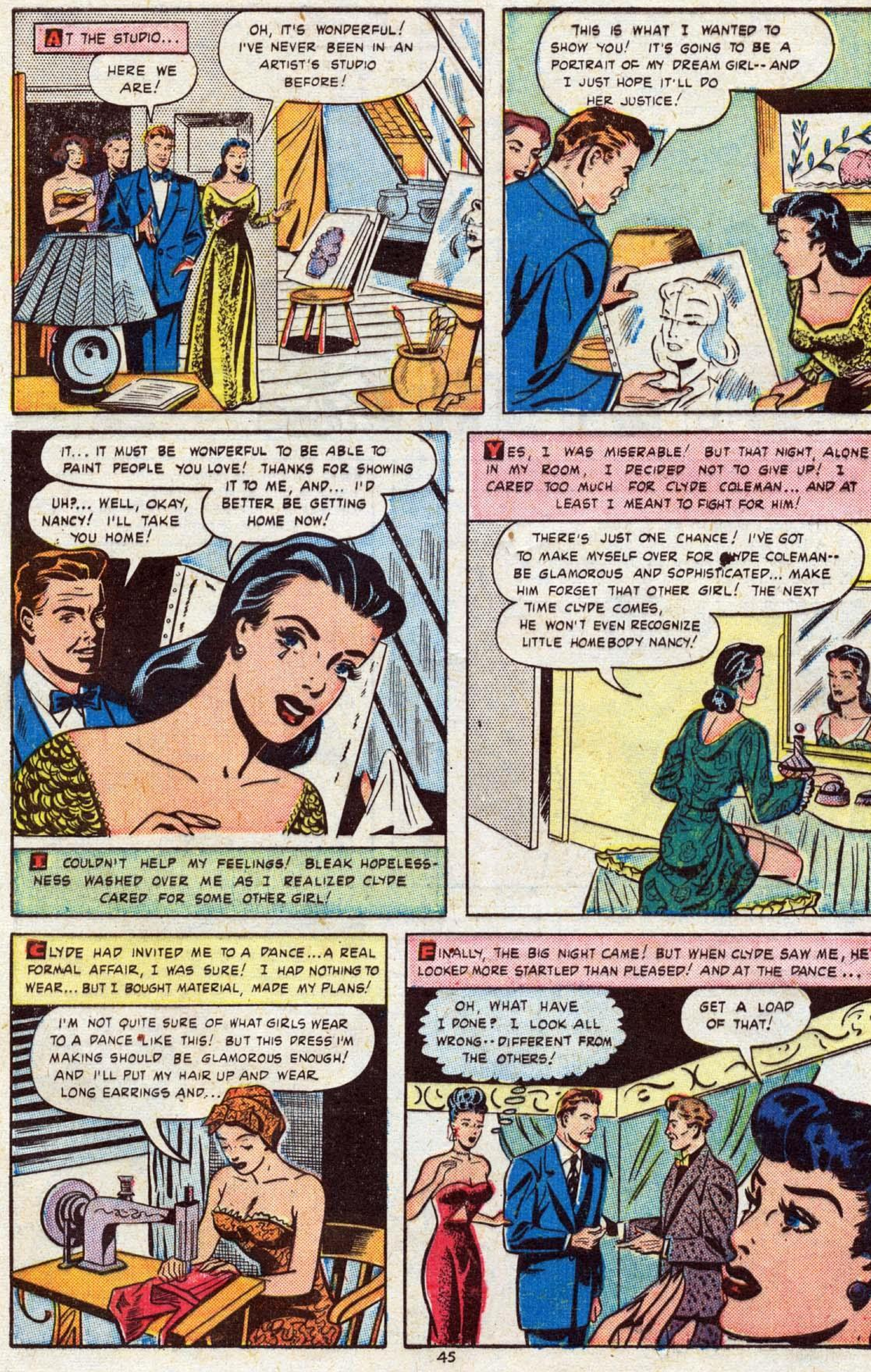
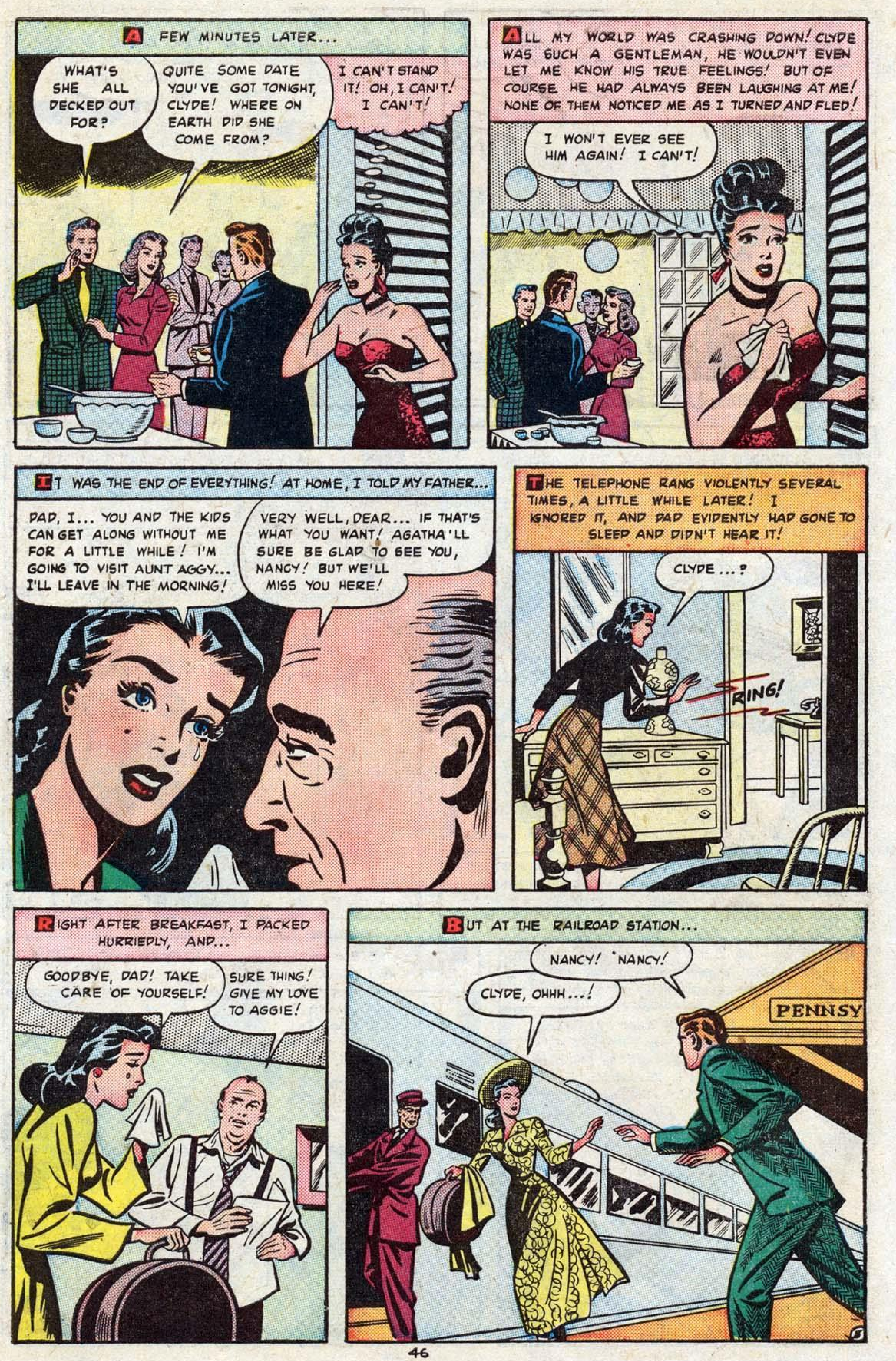
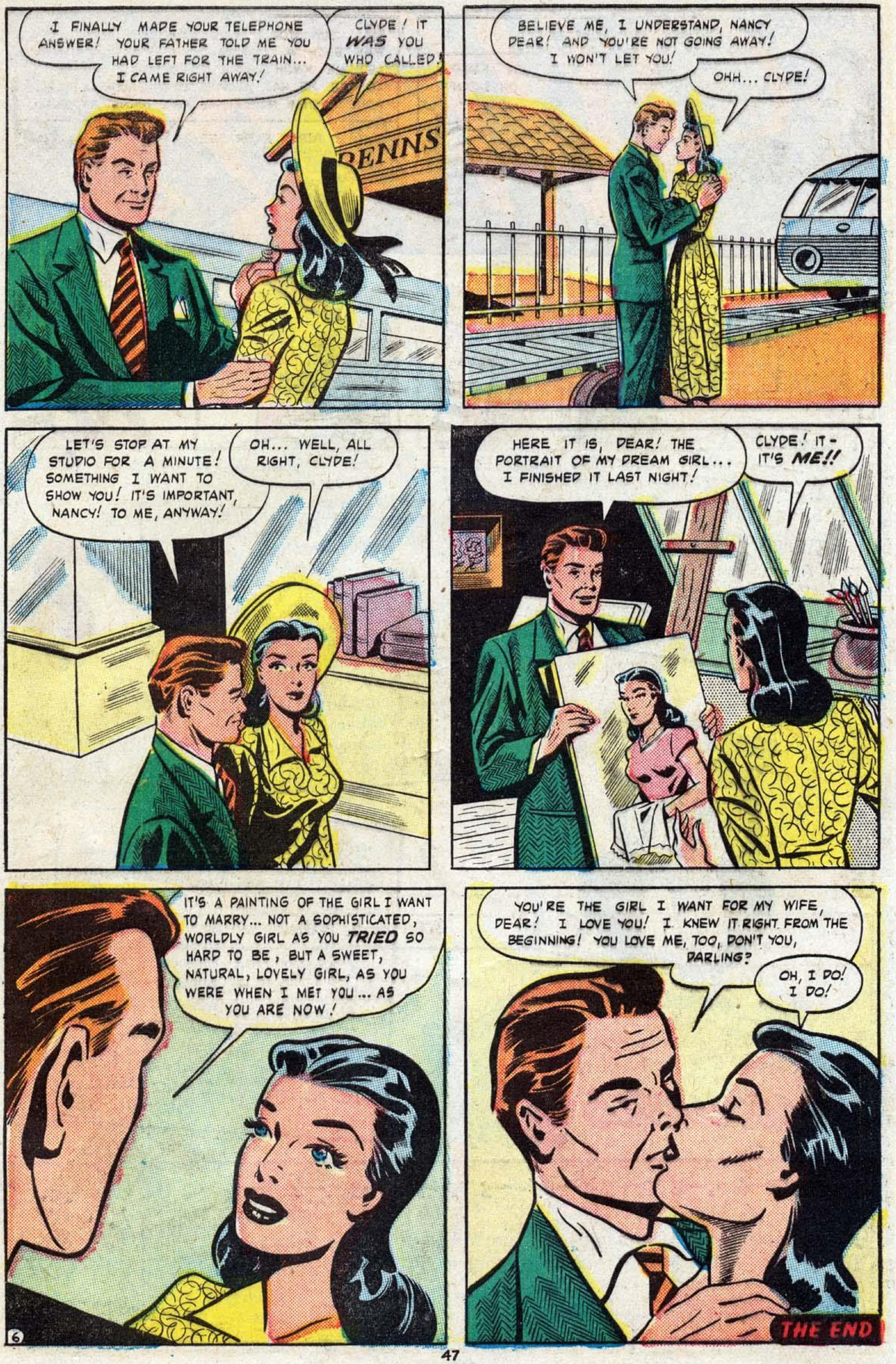

A TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE
COULD I COMPETE WITH CLYDE'S DREAM GIRL?
A TRUE LIFE STORY
6437
HEAVENS! IT... IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
Norwalk Star
VOL. XI NO. 226
CLYDE COLEMAN, ILLUSTRIOUS YOUNG PAINTER whose latest exhibition of portraits and still life may been seen at the Peterson Galleries.
BUT--IT IS! IT'S CLYDE-- AND HE'S FAMOUS!
NO WONDER I WAS SURPRISED! THE NIGHT I HAD MET CLYDE COLEMAN, HE SEEMED LIKE A NICE, ORDINARY YOUNG MAN... THE KIND I MIGHT FALL IN LOVE WITH, AND WHO MIGHT FALL IN LOVE WITH ME!
THIS PARTY'S FUN, NANCY-- ESPECIALLY SINCE I MET YOU! WANT TO DANCE?
I-- I'M AFRAID I'M NOT A VERY GOOD DANCER!
YOU SEE, MOTHER DIED WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN! NOW I STAY AT HOME AND KEEP HOUSE FOR MY FATHER AND BROTHER AND SISTER, SO... I DON'T GO OUT VERY MUCH!
I UNDERSTAND, NANCY!
1


BUT COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO DANCE ANYWAY... YOU CAN RIDE ON MY FEET THE WHOLE TIME IF YOU WANT TO!
ALL RIGHT-- HERE WE GO!
AND LATER, WHEN HE TOOK ME HOME ...
HOW ABOUT ANOTHER DANCING LESSON THIS SATURDAY NIGHT?
WONDERFUL, CLYDE! I HAD SO MUCH FUN TONIGHT!
BUT NOW I KNEW THAT CLYDE WAS FAMOUS! HOW COULD HE EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL LIKE ME?
WHEN HE GETS TO KNOW ME BETTER, HE'LL JUST SMILE AND FORGET ALL ABOUT ME! THAT'S THE LAST I'LL SEE OF HIM--I KNOW IT!
I TRIED TO ACT NORMALLY WITH MY FAMILY, BUT I WAS UPSET INSIDE! I COULDN'T HELP THINKING OF CLYDE ALL THE TIME... YET I KNEW I WASN'T THE SORT OF GIRL WHO COULD INTEREST HIM!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, NANCY? YOU'RE NOT EATING ANYTHING!
OH--YES, OF COURSE I AM! I MEAN--WELL, I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY!
I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE IF I TALKED ABOUT ART, IT WOULD INTEREST CLYDE... SO I DECIDED TO READ UP ON THE SUBJECT!
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! IF I MENTION SOME OF THE FAMOUS PAINTERS SOMETIMES, HE'LL SEE WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON!
HISTORY OF ART
THEN AT LAST SATURDAY NIGHT CAME, AND...
NANCY? WHY--WHY SURE! COME RIGHT IN! I GUESS SHE'S IN THE KITCHEN, FINISHING UP THE DISHES!
OH, I SEE! THANKS!
2

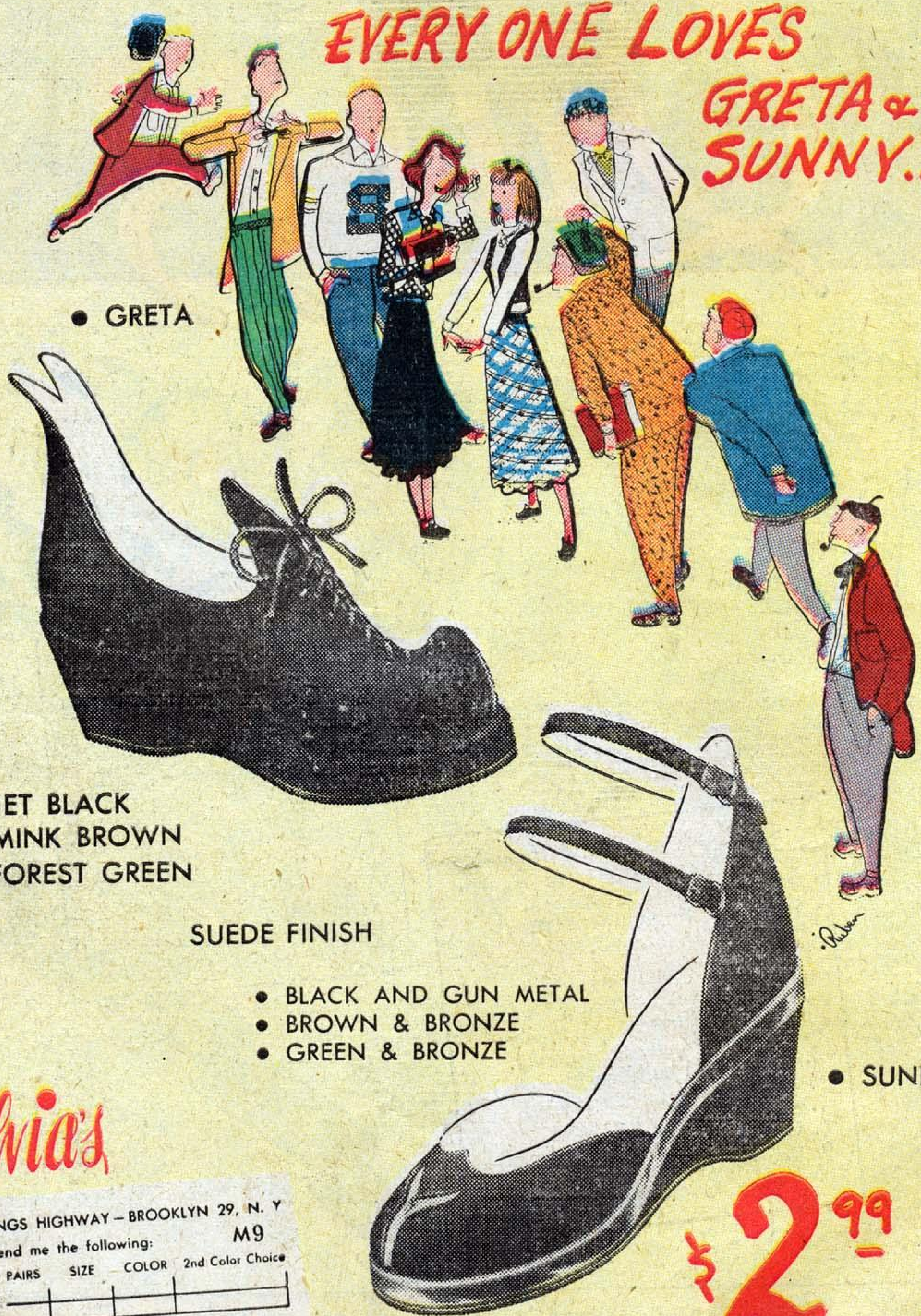

I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD COME, AND...
CLYDE! WHY... WHY... OH DEAR, I'M NOT..: NOT QUITE READY!
WHAT'S OUR HURRY? TAKE YOUR TIME! I'LL HELP!
I WAS SO FLUSTERED, IT TOOK ME TWICE AS LONG! THEN...
NOW I JUST HAVE TO CHANGE... I WON'T BE A MINUTE! DAD'S IN THE SITTING ROOM!
FINE! WE'LL GET ACQUAINTED!
NICE TO HAVE MET YOU, MR. COLEMAN! HAVE A GOOD TIME, NANCY!
WE SURE WILL!
GOOD NIGHT, DAD!
AT THE DANCE WE MET SOME FRIENDS OF CLYDE'S... GLAMOROUS, SOPHISTICATED PEOPLE! THEY BEGAN TALKING ABOUT MODERN ART... FINALLY, DESPERATELY, I DECIDED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE CONVERSATION...
I... I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT REMBRANDT WAS A WONDERFUL PAINTER!
YOU AND A FEW MILLION OTHER PEOPLE! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH MODERN ART?
MY HEART WAS RACING SO, IT ALMOST SMOTHERED ME! I KNEW I'D MADE A BREAK, SAID SOMETHING WRONG!
COME ON, NANCY-- LET'S DANCE!
YES! YES, LET'S!
LATER...
HOW ABOUT OUR GOING TO MY STUDIO FOR A WHILE? SOMETHING THERE I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU!
THAT WOULD BE VERY NICE!
FINE! LET'S GO!
3


AT THE STUDIO...
HERE WE ARE!
OH, IT'S WONDERFUL! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO BEFORE!
THIS IS WHAT I WANTED TO SHOW YOU! IT'S GOING TO BE A PORTRAIT OF MY DREAM GIRL-- AND I JUST HOPE IT'LL DO HER JUSTICE!
IT... IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE ABLE TO PAINT PEOPLE YOU LOVE! THANKS FOR SHOWING IT TO ME, AND... I'D BETTER BE GETTING HOME NOW!
UH?... WELL, OKAY, NANCY! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!
I COULDN'T HELP MY FEELINGS! BLEAK HOPELESSNESS WASHED OVER ME AS I REALIZED CLYDE CARED FOR SOME OTHER GIRL!
YES, I WAS MISERABLE! BUT THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN MY ROOM, I DECIDED NOT TO GIVE UP! I CARED TOO MUCH FOR CLYDE COLEMAN... AND AT LEAST I MEANT TO FIGHT FOR HIM!
THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO MAKE MYSELF OVER FOR CLYDE COLEMAN-- BE GLAMOROUS AND SOPHISTICATED... MAKE HIM FORGET THAT OTHER GIRL! THE NEXT TIME CLYDE COMES, HE WON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE LITTLE HOMEBODY NANCY!
CLYDE HAD INVITED ME TO A DANCE... A REAL FORMAL AFFAIR, I WAS SURE! I HAD NOTHING TO WEAR... BUT I BOUGHT MATERIAL, MADE MY PLANS!
I'M NOT QUITE SURE OF WHAT GIRLS WEAR TO A DANCE LIKE THIS! BUT THIS DRESS I'M MAKING SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS ENOUGH! AND I'LL PUT MY HAIR UP AND WEAR LONG EARRINGS AND...
FINALLY, THE BIG NIGHT CAME! BUT WHEN CLYDE SAW ME, HE LOOKED MORE STARTLED THAN PLEASED! AND AT THE DANCE...
OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE? I LOOK ALL WRONG-- DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS!
GET A LOAD OF THAT!
9


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'S SHE ALL DECKED OUT FOR?
QUITE SOME DATE YOU'VE GOT TONIGHT, CLYDE! WHERE ON EARTH DID SHE COME FROM?
I CAN'T STAND IT! OH, I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
ALL MY WORLD WAS CRASHING DOWN! CLYDE WAS SUCH A GENTLEMAN, HE WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME KNOW HIS TRUE FEELINGS! BUT OF COURSE HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN LAUGHING AT ME! NONE OF THEM NOTICED ME AS I TURNED AND FLED!
I WON'T EVER SEE HIM AGAIN! I CAN'T!
IT WAS THE END OF EVERYTHING! AT HOME, I TOLD MY FATHER...
DAD, I... YOU AND THE KIDS CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE! I'M GOING TO VISIT AUNT AGGY... I'LL LEAVE IN THE MORNING!
VERY WELL, DEAR... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT! AGATHA'LL SURE BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, NANCY! BUT WE'LL MISS YOU HERE!
THE TELEPHONE RANG VIOLENTLY SEVERAL TIMES, A LITTLE WHILE LATER! I IGNORED IT, AND DAD EVIDENTLY HAD GONE TO SLEEP AND DIDN'T HEAR IT!
CLYDE...?
RING!
RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST, I PACKED HURRIEDLY, AND...
GOODBYE, DAD! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!
SURE THING! GIVE MY LOVE TO AGGIE!
BUT AT THE RAILROAD STATION...
NANCY! NANCY!
CLYDE, OHHH...!
PENNSY
5


I FINALLY MADE YOUR TELEPHONE ANSWER! YOUR FATHER TOLD ME YOU HAD LEFT FOR THE TRAIN... I CAME RIGHT AWAY!
CLYDE! IT *WAS* YOU WHO CALLED!
PENNS
BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND, NANCY DEAR! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING AWAY! I WON'T LET YOU!
OHH... CLYDE!
LET'S STOP AT MY STUDIO FOR A MINUTE! SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOU! IT'S IMPORTANT, NANCY! TO ME, ANYWAY!
OH... WELL, ALL RIGHT, CLYDE!
HERE IT IS, DEAR! THE PORTRAIT OF MY DREAM GIRL... I FINISHED IT LAST NIGHT!
CLYDE! IT - IT'S *ME!!*
IT'S A PAINTING OF THE GIRL I WANT TO MARRY... NOT A SOPHISTICATED, WORLDLY GIRL AS YOU *TRIED* SO HARD TO BE, BUT A SWEET, NATURAL, LOVELY GIRL, AS YOU WERE WHEN I MET YOU... AS YOU ARE NOW!
6
YOU'RE THE GIRL I WANT FOR MY WIFE, DEAR! I LOVE YOU! I KNEW IT RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING! YOU LOVE ME, TOO, DON'T YOU, DARLING?
OH, I DO! I DO!
THE END

EVERY ONE LOVES GRETA & SUNNY...



- GRETA

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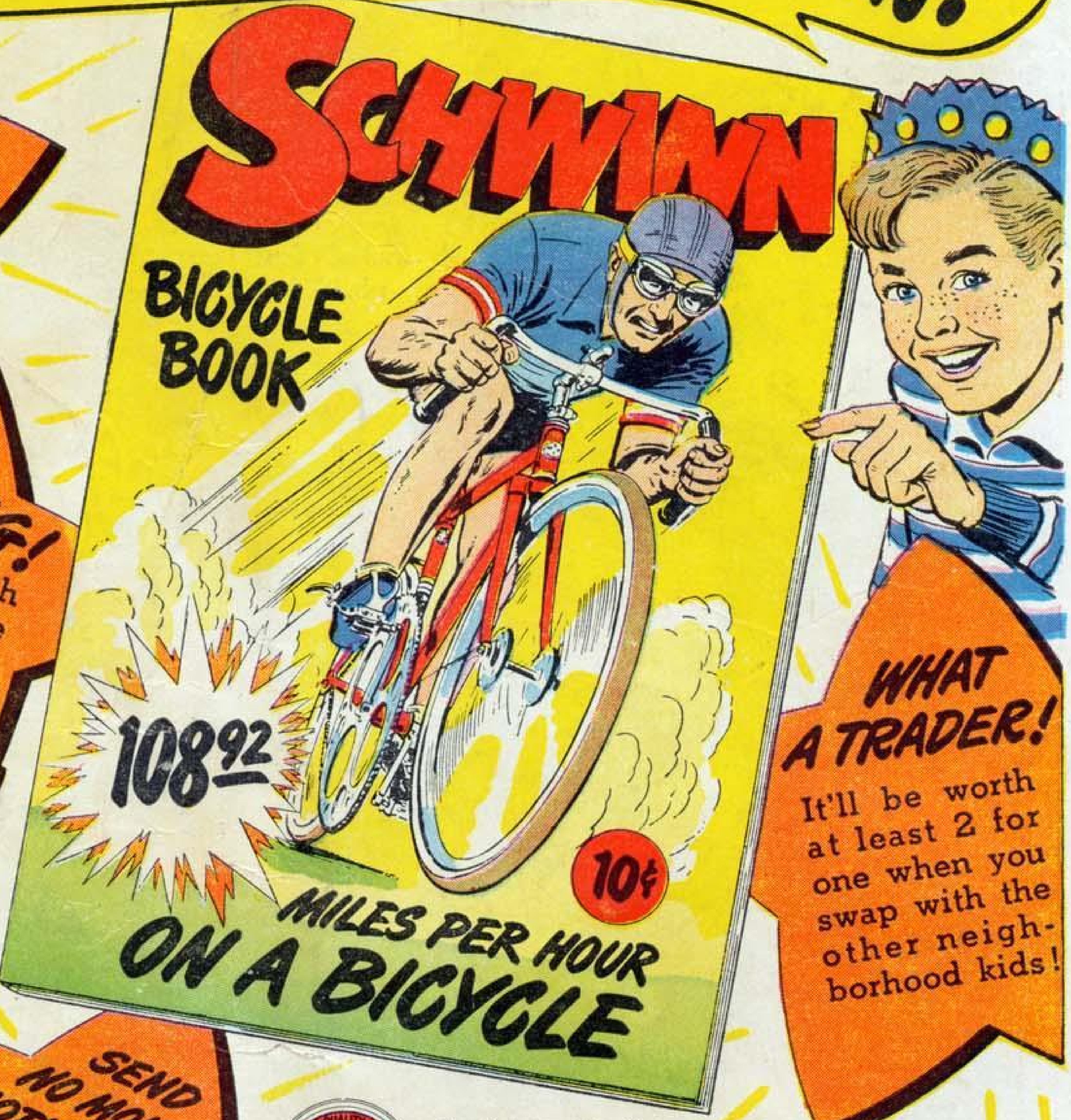

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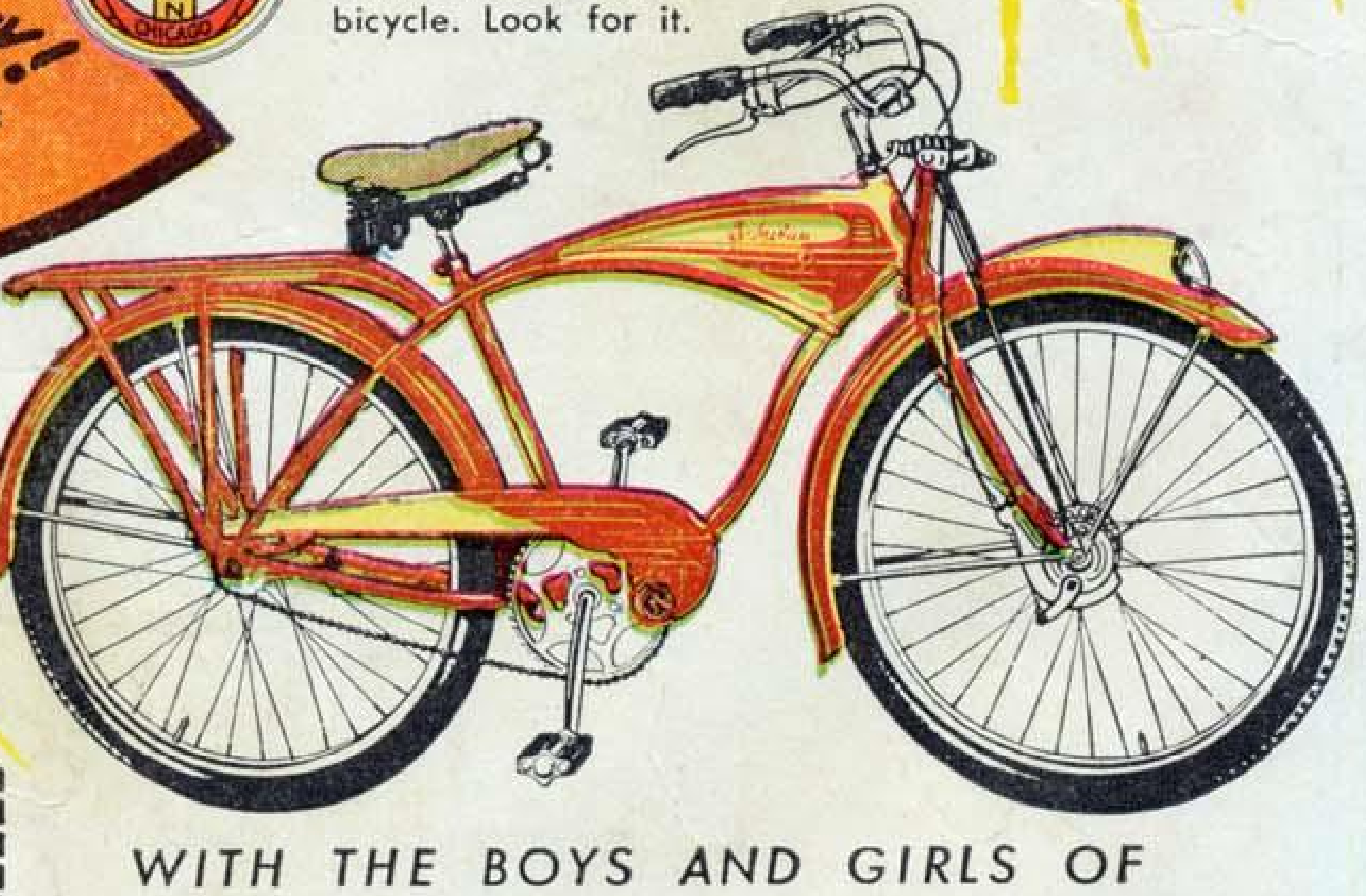

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